

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Gen. Grant on the South Side of Richmond.

In the transfer of the Army of the Potomac from the pestilential swamps of the Chickahominy on the north to the south side of Richmond, Gen. Grant has executed another of those masterly flank movements for which he has become so pre-eminently distinguished. The immense labors required, the difficulties overcome, and the dangers avoided in carrying out this enterprise, may be inferred from Gen. Grant's brief but comprehensive report of the movement. He says: "Our forces drew out from within 50 yards of the enemy's entrenchments at Cold Harbor (north side of the Chickahominy), made a flank movement of about 55 miles march (a vast army, with all



"RUN BACK, JOHNNIES—RUN BACK, YANKS."

its artillery and trains), crossing (by pontoon bridges) the Chickahominy and James rivers—the latter 2,000 feet wide and 84 feet deep at the point of crossing, and surprised the enemy's rear at Petersburg. This was done without the loss of a wagon or piece of artillery, and only about 150 stragglers were picked up by the enemy."

This is, indeed, a difficult, delicate and hazardous flank movement, most admirably accomplished. Had not Gen. Lee, from his rough experience in this campaign from "the Wilderness" to the defenses of Richmond, been too severely crippled to justify the venture, he would surely have seized the opportunity for harassing at every step, front, flank and rear, this side movement of his fearless adversary; for we



"Out jump the fellows from the rifle pits, and putting down their guns stretch their cramped forms upon the grass. Sharpshooters covertly slide down from their perches in the trees and loiter about in utter abandon. Trade is quickly opened, and all sorts of commodities are exchanged."—Correspondent of the N. Y. Times.

THE LULL IN THE STORM.—SEE PAGE 281.

know, from the Richmond journals, that although Lee, in the outset, was completely outwitted, he yet discovered the withdrawal of our forces from his immediate front in season to march out, intercept them, and bring them to a battle, or another series of battles, had he not felt himself too seriously cut up to attempt it. In fact, as a graphic war correspondent accompanying our great Western army in Georgia says of Gen. Sherman, we may say of Gen. Grant; that from the first dislodgment of his adversary to the present day "he has played around him as a cooper plays around a cask," and still tightening his coils around him with every blow.

But the exacting reader will naturally inquire what has Gen. Grant gained by this last brilliant operation? Is he not further from Richmond at Petersburg, on the south side of the city and the James river, than he was at Cold Harbor, on the north side? Is not the rebel capital, with the broad river in front, better defended on the south than on the north side? Is it not possible, too, that, situated as Gen. Lee now is, between our army and Washington, he may repeat his aggressive programme of 1862, leaving Richmond to the chances of capture, or absolutely abandoning it to secure the prize of our national capital?

We answer: First, Gen. Grant, in moving his army to the south side of Richmond, has transferred it from the deadly malaria of the Chickahominy—a great point gained—to a healthy position; he has secured the broad and navigable James river as his base of supplies; he has secured the junction of Gen. Meade's grand army with the fine army of Gen. Butler; he has secured the active co-operation of Admiral Lee's powerful squadron of ironclads and gunboats; and, above all, he has secured a position from which he can readily and effectually cut off the rebel capital from every artery of subsistence through which the city is fed from North Carolina and Georgia. This movement against Richmond, in fact, very much resembles that splendid dash of last summer down the Mississippi, and around from the south to the rear of Vicksburg; and it covers the same design and the same certain advantages of cutting off the city from its remaining sources of reinforcements and subsistence. Gen. Grant is now between Lee and Jo. Johnston, as he was last June between Pemberton and Johnston; and now, as then, he has each so completely tied up that neither can attempt to relieve the other without hazarding the ruin of both.

Such are the positive advantages gained by Gen. Grant in his new position. They are so comprehensive that the defenses of Richmond, on every side, may be omitted from the estimate, inasmuch as those defenses will amount to nothing the moment the city, with its defensive army, is cut off from its sources of subsistence. Dependent upon the scanty stores within the city's encircling earthworks, Richmond, with its population of say 20,000 souls, Lee's effective army of 75,000 men, and his sick and wounded soldiers to the number of perhaps 25,000 more, have to be fed. We think it will soon be made manifest that herein lies the fatal weakness of the rebel capital, and that Gen. Grant has thoroughly comprehended it from the beginning of this masterly campaign.

As for any apprehensions of another Northern venture by Gen. Lee, we think they will be dismissed by the intelligent reader upon the simple statement of the facts, that the railroads between Richmond and Washington have been so thoroughly broken up that it will require months of labor to repair them; that the country between the two cities has been completely eaten out by the two great opposing armies of Meade and Lee, and that the supplies of the Shenandoah valley, left behind by Lee in his last instructive expulsion from Maryland, have been disposed of from Martinsburg to Staunton, 150 miles, by Gen. Hunter. Furthermore, between Hunter, Averill, Crook, Pope and Sheridan, the region between Charlottesville and Lynchburg has now little or nothing to spare for the army of Lee.

To sum up the military situation at Richmond in a few words, Gen. Grant having stripped the country north and west of the city of its army supplies, having cut off its communications, it only remains for him to cut off and occupy the roads which run southward from the city, in order to bring out Lee into the open field, in which he will be beaten, or to compel him to abandon the city, and by stealth, in order to save his army. Remembering Vicksburg, we still look towards Richmond for another glorious addition to the honors of the Fourth of July.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Grant, after attempting to force the passage of the Chickahominy on the 3rd, and testing the strength of Lee's works, was not a man to sit down and attempt a siege with the pestilential swamp of the Chickahominy beside him. He at once moved to compel Lee to come out and fight.

On Sunday, the 12th, the 18th army corps, under Gen. Smith, marched to White House and embarked. Wright's and Burnside's corps crossed the Chickahominy at Jones's bridge, and marched to the James river by Charles city. Hancock's and Warren's corps crossed at Long bridge, and marched to Wilcox's. The whole army was thus with great celerity transferred from the York to the James, and thrown over at Powhatan point. The enemy had not anticipated the movement, and were misled by a reconnaissance at Malvern hill on the 15th, and made no effort to molest.

On the 15th Smith pushed on, and Hinks's negro brigade carried the first rebel works, at Petersburg without waiting for Brooks's division. On Thursday, the 16th, Barlow's division of Hancock's 2d corps and part of Burnside's 9th moved to attack the rebel lines, but Burnside was himself assailed, and Barlow lost several hundred of his men, who were inside the rebel works. Griffin's brigade of the 9th corps, however, carried the lines before them, and in the morning Leslie's brigade carried other works. Barlow's colors were retaken and Potter's rebel brigade captured, with nine pieces of artillery.

This victory was not purchased without loss, and among our serious losses was Major loss, Brig.-Gen. Morton, Chief Engineer formerly side.

On the 17th the rebels made a furious attack on the works held by the 1st Michigan sharpshooters, in which, though we took 240 prisoners, the enemy finally got within the works, which they held till

On the 18th the 5th corps gained the railroad to Norfolk, but Griffin and Crawford failed to carry the rebel works.

On the 19th, at 4 A.M., Burnside carried the works before him on the left, taking 500 prisoners and six pieces of cannon.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Gen. Hunter destroyed over \$3,000,000 worth of rebel property at Staunton, two large cloth factories, a boot and shoe factory and foundries.

An expedition to Waynesboro destroyed several railroad bridges and tore up the track.

KENTUCKY.

On the 13th Newcastle was occupied at sunset by a force of 200 rebels, under George Jessie. They were desperate characters, hastily collected, and began at once to plunder. The same band captured Bardstown on the 18th.

On the 10th a band of 80 made a raid into Princeton in Caldwell county, but were attacked by 12 soldiers of the 35th Kentucky, and after losing two killed and several wounded fled.

The defeat of Morgan by Gen. Burbridge at Cynthiana on the 12th was absolute; his force was completely broken up. Morgan, with a small party, pushed with all speed for Pound gap.

GEORGIA.

The rebel Wheeler, with his cavalry, has been cutting Sherman's railroad lines. At Calhoun they seized six cars of grain on the 10th, but retreated before Gen. Hovey, who was at Adairsville, could come up. They placed, however, a torpedo on the track towards Resaca, which exploded under the train, hurling the locomotive six feet from the track, and tearing four cars into splinters. At night Wheeler returned and tore up part of the track.

On the 14th Gen. Polk was killed. On the 15th Blair's corps stormed the enemy's works, and drove him back, and on the 18th Johnston threw back his flank and abandoned all his works in front of Kennesaw mountain, holding that mountain as the apex of his position, with his flanks behind Noonday and Moses creeks.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The rebel Gen. Samuel Jones, commanding at Charleston, has placed five general officers, prisoners of war in Charleston, so as to be under our fire. The War Department has transferred to Gen. Foster five rebel Generals to be similarly placed.

MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Sturgis recently set out on an expedition with two brigades of cavalry under Gen. Grierson, two brigades of infantry, one company of artillery and two colored regiments, but was attacked at Guntown on the 10th by Kirby Smith, Forrest and others, and totally defeated, losing 14 pieces of artillery and 100 wagons.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Steele is at Little Rock, which is fortified. Col. Clayton holds Pine bluff with 7,000 men well entrenched. There is also a force at Duvall's bluff. The rebels under Fagan are at Princeton, 45 miles from Pine bluff; another force is at Camden, and 3,000 at Washington. Marmaduke is on the Mississippi at Columbia, attacking the steamers.

On the 7th, Gen. A. J. Smith, with part of the 16th army corps, landed near Columbia, and Marmaduke retired.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 13th June, the greater part of the day was taken up in discussing the new loyal State Government of Arkansas. The Consular bill was agreed to. Mr. Wilson proposed certain alterations in the Enrollment bill, which were laid over.

In the House, Mr. Stevens made a report from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the Military Appropriation bill; carried by 70 to 58. The Enrollment bill was then taken up, and Mr. Schenck introduced a bill repealing the \$300 clause, and providing that hereafter no payment of money shall be accepted as a release from the performance of military duty. Mr. Garfield introduced a joint resolution, that no State declared to be in rebellion by the President is entitled to appoint electors of President and Vice-President, and no electoral vote from any such State shall be received or counted until both Houses of Congress, by concurrent action, shall have recognised a State Government in such State. Laid on the table—yeas, 104; nays, 33. The House then took up the resolution of Mr. Lazear, offered on Monday of last week, proposing a suspension of hostilities, and requiring the President to adopt measures for assembling a Convention of delegates from all the States to adjust the difficulties between the North and the South on the basis of the Constitution. The House refused by a vote of yeas 65 to suspend the rules for the introduction of the resolution. The House then proceeded to the consideration of the House bill to repeal the Fugitive-Slave law. After some debate the bill passed—yeas 82 against 58.

In the Senate, on the 14th, Mr. McDougal proposed a resolution denouncing the creation of monarchies on this Continent, but objection being made to its present consideration it was laid over. The Tariff bill was ordered to be printed.

In the House, the bill to prevent speculation in gold was passed, after an amendment which will necessitate its return to the Senate for its acquiescence.

In the Senate, on the 15th, Mr. Fowler's bill to prevent military interference in elections was defeated by yeas 26 to 6. The rest of the proceedings were of no public interest.

In the House, the 11th day session was taken up for an amendment on the Senate joint resolution for ever prohibiting slavery throughout the country. After a long debate, participated in by various members, the question was put on its decision, when 94 yeas were in favor of the resolution and 65 against it. It thus fell 11 years short of the two-thirds necessary for its adoption. The House was a very full one at time of calling the yeas and nays on this question, and the vote was the largest one there has been on this session. Mr. Odell, of Brooklyn, is the only Democrat who voted for the amendment. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, subsequently gave notice that he would move a reconsideration of the vote, and the matter will probably be postponed till next session. In the evening the Senate's amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were discussed, and most of them agreed to.

In the Senate, on the 16th, the time was occupied by discussing the Tariff bill.

In the House, the consideration of the Senate amendments to the Internal Revenue bill was continued from the previous day, and all the remaining ones were acted on, the session being prolonged till 11 o'clock at night. The amendment striking out the tax on whiskey on hand was agreed to by 72 against 63. That striking out the duty of five per cent. on the proceeds of gold and silver mining was also agreed to. A number of

other Senate amendments were concurred in, and a committee was ordered to confer on the disagreeing amendments.

In the Senate, on the 17th, the bill for the speedy punishment of guerrillas was taken up by Mr. Wilson. Mr. Davis opposed it. The Tariff bill was then proceeded with, and several amendments made.

In the House, there was no business of importance transacted.

In the Senate, on the 18th, the Northern Pacific Railroad bill was reported by Mr. Harlan. The joint resolution extending the present overland mail contracts was passed. The bill to encourage and facilitate telegraphic communication between the Eastern and Western Continents was taken up and vigorously discussed during the remainder of the session. No conclusion was reached, however.

In the House, a bill was reported by Mr. Alley establishing a large number of post routes. The bill appointing a commission to settle claims for war losses was taken up and passed. A bill was also passed chartering another street railroad in Washington, from which no person shall be excluded on account of color. The bill giving assimilated rank to the warrant officers of the navy was also passed. The joint resolution giving relief to Capt. Ericsson, by taking the contract for the new ironclad Furian off his hands, was passed after a long discussion. The House took up and passed the joint resolution that the President be authorized to notice to the Government of Great Britain that it is the wish and intention of the Government of the United States to determine the treaty arrangements of 1817 in respect to a naval force on the lakes at the end of six months. The question of the site for the new navy-yard was postponed until the next session of Congress.

TOWN GOSSIP.

STRAWBERRIES! The glorious, golden, royal-purple fruit is with us. Strawberries, the first yield of the woods and fields to the palate craving for relief from the monotony of winter's food. Strawberries, the very epitome of poetry, and yet so seldom the theme of the poet's song. The deep blushing berry, so modestly veiled in its sea-green leaves, so quietly awaiting to be plucked and borne, bursting with the very juices of its life, to the eager lips of a thousand lovers?

Strawberries! but we will come down from the stilts and discuss the theme sensibly. There is something in the advent of the strawberry to city people that those of the country can hardly realise. It is the first real palatable promise they have of the coming summer. The dweller in the country, whose mind is daily prepared for this fact by the springing of the grass and wayside flowers, and the bursting buds of the trees, is not so startled into a new life by the ripening of the little berry. They hail it only as the first fruit of spring, and, if their patch be large, are more or less interested in the yield, and the speculation as to what the coming fruit will fetch when made up into homeopathic baskets, and duly delivered at Washington market. For the benefit of these we offer the opinion, or rather the fact, that this season the coveted fruit is both poor and dear. The supply seems plenty, but for those wretched little baskets, rarely holding over a gill, nine cents is the common asking, bringing the luxury to the modest price of about 75 cents a quart. So far the season has been against them, the weather lacking heat and bestowing upon them too much water. A few hot, sunshiny days will not only double the supply, but will so much improve the flavor that the strawberry lover's mouth cannot do less than water at the mere anticipation.

While upon strawberries we must tell that every year at the office of the *Agriculturist* in Park Row, an exhibition is held of the fruit, which draws from the farmers and cultivators their choicest varieties. As the gettersons up of this display do not take much trouble to advertise it, nor do they, as far as our personal experience goes, invite the editorial corps to eat of the gorgeous abundance and speak in its praise, it follows that only hundreds know of the annual show, where thousands might. It is past for this year, and the few who were favored with a view saw there strawberries that would have made the fabled feast of making two bites of a cherry blush for shame. We saw there, not one, two or three, but platefuls of the fruit, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg, and the largest, larger than a hen's. We are bad at names, but the "Triomphe du Gand" impresses itself as the largest of the whole, and a plate upon which rested three of the monsters, each measuring about eight inches in circumference, was pointed out as being the prize trio. With this declaration we are done, not expecting it to be believed.

Speaking of strawberries puts us in mind of another reasonable fact that may interest our readers, especially that portion who devote their time to the cultivation of their whiskers, though we don't really believe that any of that class read FRANK LESLIE, or in fact, any other paper, which is that the dog days having commenced, the Mayor has proclaimed the slaughter of the innocents, and has even out-Heroded Herod by opening the killing to the general public, and announcing the blood money to be 50 cents per head, and nothing extra for the tail. Now, could this bloody canine war be made so to operate that it would take off old vagrant and useless curs, especially those who hang about the corners from Canal street to 8th, on Broadway, of an afternoon, and audibly criticize every lady that passes, we would willingly disburse a up the job. If these curs came ourselves to finish army by a draft, or put to be disposed of in the rope, the pound, 50 cents some use, then we advocate a which, as a consequence of thought, reminds us that the its other recruiting recommissions in New York, and make another desperate effort to get ahead the draft by angling for men with a \$300 bait, while the citizens regard it pretty much the same as the woman who, being asked how she could keep back her tears when everybody else was weeping at a peculiarly affecting sermon, answered that she did not belong to that congregation. They have had "Wolf!" cried at them so often that they now do not heed the alarm. For such as are unbelievers, we tell them that—being somewhat behind the scenes—we know that a thorough enrollment is being made, which will be finished almost as soon as this paper is in the hands of its readers, and that 11,000 men will be taken from this city on it, and that in despite of all threats of riot and resistance. The men must be had, and it is right that the richest city of the land should produce them. If \$300 is not sufficient inducement, let us make it \$500, let us double it, let us do something to show we are not asleep; and if we do not, then let the Provost-Marshal come and snuff us awake. We advocate, firstly, taking all men who cannot live happy and contented at home; all men whose impaired digestion advocates a change of diet and scene; and all, without distinction of wealth, who are not doing some good to the community in which they live. From the last class alone an army might be raised rivaling that of Xerxes.

One of the most miserable exposures ever made in connection with the villainies of the city has received an airing during the past week, in the account of doings perpetrated by the trustees of the Fourth Ward School. These men, whose names we shall assist in handing down to infamy, are Jeremiah Coughlin, James White, Daniel Healey, John H. Lester, Charles Kelly and Felix Murphy, who have been tried and found guilty of the meanest system of robbery ever perpetrated upon earth. These men, elected by the people as the guardians of their children, have been convicted of combining together, making White their mouthpiece, and squeezing from the miserable pittance allowed the teachers from

20 to 40 per cent., as the price of their situations. No question was made as to the ability of the victim to fill his or her position, no examination to know whether they were capable of being placed in authority over the scholars, but only a response from them whether they were willing to pay the black-mail; if not, there was the alternative—go! The father who struggled to support a large family on a salary of \$900 was obliged to pay \$300 of it to these bloodhounds. A poor, deformed girl, who had, somehow, without possessing beauty as a lure, got into a \$300 teachership, was obliged to give up \$75 of the pittance, as bribe money, that she might be allowed to live!

And yet these men are suffered to go out and mix among the people, with no other punishment than a loss of their places! Certainly virtue is its own reward!

Among the incidents of the week was a mass meeting, at Union Square, of the Early Closing Association, a combination of clerks and workmen in stores to obtain more time from their employers, by forcing them to close the stores at an early hour in the evening. We should be glad to see such a movement successful, not because we have any faith that those emancipated from labor would use the time for improvement, but simply because we believe in shortening the hours of labor as much as possible, and giving to the laborer all the recreation that is consistent with the obtaining of a living; but at the same time we hazard a doubt of the success of any movement of this kind that is not based on first principles. The trouble among the clerks is that there is more labor than there is demand, and so long as this exists so long will employers have it in their power to dictate how many hours they shall labor, and at what price. There is but one cure for a trouble like this, which is for 50 per cent. of the said clerks to shoulder the market and march forth, or if they have a constitutional distaste to this mode, let them withdraw into other channels of employment and so relieve the overburdened branch.

The fact is, the public have but little sympathy with the movement, for the reason that they have little sympathy with the movers. A drygoods clerk, or a clerk in any department of labor where a woman might be employed, is looked upon with unfavorable eyes, and we cannot help thinking that, as long as his ambition goes no further than usurping a woman's labor, he deserves to suffer, not only by long hours but by short pay.

The week has been one of little sensation in the dramatic line. All has been lovely and serene, but nothing startling. No new play produced, no addition to the old ones, and we verily fear, as a seer after sensations, that we shall have no better report to make for weeks to come.

The Olympic is still running "Aladdin," and as far as judgment can be rendered on the nightly crowds, will continue to run it for a month to come. Certainly, New York will be many years older before she will see again such gorgeous scenery and costuming. There is but one thing that should have been done, which is a rewriting of the piece, and the introduction of some light matter that would have cast original interest about it. We do not mean to make a burlesque of it, nor yet to detract from the working beauty, but something might be done with the dialogue that would make it far more acceptable to present day taste.

We are glad that the management of this house, possibly acting on the suggestion we gave a few weeks since, has placed this notice at the head of its programmes:

"The haste manifested by many of the audience to leave the theatre immediately preceding the termination of the performance, renders the conclusion perfectly inaudible to others desirous of hearing and understanding it, and Mrs. John Wood feels confident that her wish, that all will retain their seats till the fall of the curtain, will meet with consideration."

This notice is good, and we are glad to see that it had some effect, but a universal adoption of our suggestion that the doors be closed five minutes before conclusion, and no one suffered to pass out, is the only plan. Will not Mrs. Wood assert her prerogative and enforce it?

On Friday night we dropped into Wallack's to see "Ernestine" and a "Pretty Piece of Business," and were pleased to hear a very clever hit from Mr. Floyd on this point. A few moments before the conclusion of the last piece the audience, as usual, started to its feet for a race out. It was part of Mr. Fisher's final speech to say, "I have something to tell you," when Floyd interpolated, "Go on then and say it, don't you see how patiently the audience is waiting?" The people were appreciative, but it did not stay them in their fight, or cause them to push or squeeze a bit less in getting out.

Niblo's will run "Bel Demonio" for three weeks longer, and then Lucille Western tries her fortunes at this house. The Florences close their engagement at Winter Garden on Saturday, and on Monday Dolly Davenport took a benefit, offering, among other attractions, Heller, who jingled away the seven senses of the audience, and left them crying for more. At his own place Heller has been more than successful, and certainly he deserves it. Among the numerous professors of his art, who have tried their fortunes in New York, he is, without question, the greatest, to say nothing of his pleasant way on the stage, his witty and humorous allusions, and his really superb playing on the piano-forte.

Barnum is still doing the patriotic with Major Pauline Cushman, and has no reason to complain of the public response. Mdle. Ernestine has fastened firmly on the affections of the Barnum-o-nians, and deserves their favor, for with the exception of Annetti Galletti, who is dancing in "Aladdin" at the Olympic, she is the best danseuse on the American stage.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Grand Jury have been instructed by the City to co-operate with Mr. Oakley Hall, the District Attorney, and see what judicial action ought to be taken against the parties who seized the *World* and *Journal of Commerce*, for publishing the bogus proclamation.

—The Hoboken ferryboat to Canal street, N. Y. has been discontinued, in consequence of some disagreement with the New York Aldermen about the pier. The Genchis Khan arrogance with which that branch of the Hapsburg family, known as the Stevens, treat their unfortunate serfs, the Hobokenese, is the wonder of the 19th century.

—The Irish papers speak of the emigration to America as partaking more of a panic than deliberate choice. From the small port of Sligo alone nearly three thousand persons have sailed in five weeks for the United States.

—There was a ratification meeting of the Lincoln and Johnson Baltimore nomination at the Cooper Institute on the evening of the 15th of June.

—A Chicago jury lately awarded \$10,000 to a man who had a large quantity of cotton burned while it was passing over the Illinois Central railroad.

—The peach crop of New Jersey will be far above the average this year. The yield promises to be larger than for many years past. Berries of all kinds will also be abundant.

—Inspector Boole invited several reporters to inspect the state of the roads on the 17th of June. They were handsomely entertained, and everything went off well.

—The anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was observed on the 17th of June, to a limited extent, down East. That battle was a miserable skirmish, if measured by the doings of to-day; yet Carlyle said of it: "On Bunker Hill Democracy was announcing in rifle volleys death-winged, under her Star banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and whirlwind like, will envelop the whole world."

—A large outdoor meeting was held in Union square on the 16th of June, to advocate the early closing movement. It was addressed by Dr. Cheever, Greeley, Parson Beecher and other eminent men.

—The old issues of fractional currency are being mutilated by dishonest parties, who peel off the figures and neatly paste them on the \$1 and \$2 notes. Some of the latter have thus been altered to \$50. The United States Treasury does not redeem fractional currency thus mutilated.

—The Supreme Court, general term, affirmed the decision of Judge Barnard, legalizing the appointment of the new Tax Commissioners, so that the old board may now be set down as fairly defunct. There is no resort now for Messrs. Brown and Williamson short of the Court of Appeals; but it is not at all likely that the matter will ever reach Albany. The question may be considered as finally disposed of.

—Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, has again challenged Kavanagh to play for the championship of American billiards. The challenge has been regularly made and the deposit placed in the hands of Messrs. Phelan & Collender. Mr. Kavanagh has signified his readiness to play any time in September next, that a suitable hall can be provided.

Southern.—The *Petersburg Express* of the 13th of June, just after Gen. Gillmore's abortive attack on Petersburg, thus grandiloquently praises Gov. Wise: "Gen. Wise has ever been for defending the city of Petersburg. His brigade has lost 400 men in the fights around the town. When placed in command here, he proclaimed he would hold the place or fall with it. His defence on the 9th proves him to be as good as his word. The hero of Charleston will stand by him, so let none fear. We'll trust in God and fight." Recent events make this somewhat farcical.

Military.—The Army Appropriation bill, which is now a law, equalizes the pay, rations, etc., of all troops, whether colored or white, except in the matter of bounty. On this point, it says that every person of color who shall hereafter be mustered into the service, shall receive such sums in bounty as the President shall order in the different States, and parts of the United States, not exceeding \$100.

—The 16th New York Volunteer artillery, commanded by Col. J. J. Morrison, headquarters at Yorktown, Va., is the largest regiment ever recruited in the United States, and has men in the following places: At Yorktown, 1,140; at Williamsburg, 735; at Gloucester Point, 147; at Bermuda Hundred, 270; putting up telegraph, 50; with 148th New York volunteers, 46; with 1st New York mounted rifles, 272, transferred; with 85th New York volunteers, 45; with light batteries United States artillery, 22; with army of the Potomac, 201, transferred; making a total of 2,928 men and 63 officers.

Personal.—The Rev. Sella Martin, a colored person, and formerly a slave, gave an interesting account of his experiences in England. He was very severe on the aristocracy, but said the people were in favor of the North. Among the remarkable circumstances connected with his history is the fact, that his preaching converted his former owner. He is a very fluent speaker, and his discourse was listened to by a large audience with marked attention.

—Charles G. Leland is said to be preparing a volume on the "derivation and history of American slang phrases."

—Señora de Avellaneda, a Cuban poetess of celebrity, is at present in this city. She has won a distinguished name in cotemporary Spanish literature by her lyric and dramatic poetry, and by her romances, especially the historical one "Guatemotzin," the heroic defender of Mexican Independence against Hernando Cortez.

—Edmond About, the well-known French writer, has just been married to Mdle. de Guillerme, a Norman heiress, at the Chateau de Rouveralles, near Rouen.

—Richard Wallach has been re-elected Mayor of Washington, by 971 majority. All the successful candidates profess to be Union men, of course.

—A dispatch to the *Cincinnati Commercial* from Dayton says: "That in response to a serenade, Mr. Vallandigham said he didn't believe that there would be any attempt to arrest him, but should there be such a thing intimidated he and his friends are prepared for such an emergency."

—Mr. Charles Holt, formerly of the *Janeway* (Wis.) *Gazette*, has become associated with Mr. Landon in the publication of the *Quincy Whig and Republican*. Mr. Richardson, late editor of the *Whig*, continues his connection with the paper.

Obituary.—The notorious Bishop, Gen. Leonidas Polk, who has just been killed in one of the Georgia battles, was a West Point student. He graduated in 1827, and was ordained a clergyman in 1831, and in 1838 was made bishop of a diocese which consisted of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. At the commencement of the rebellion he accepted a commission from Jeff Davis, and has been an active rebel. His career as a General was very unlucky.

—Major Wilson Hubbell, 63d regiment, N. Y. V. (Anderson Zouaves), who was killed at Coal Harbor, was born in Bridgeport, Conn. He was with the army of the Potomac in all their battles, and was a brave soldier and good man.

—W. B. Leonard, who may be called the pioneer cotton manufacturer in this country, died a few days since of heart disease. The foundations of his first mill, located in Plymouth, Mass., he dug with his own hands. This mill was destroyed by the British during the war of 1812. In 1817 Mr. Leonard removed to Matteawan, and it was owing in a great measure to his untiring energy and great executive ability that the immense cotton manufactures and machine shops of the Matteawan Company expanded from a small beginning to one of the largest interests of the kind in the State. During the 34 years he acted as agent of this company, it continued to pour its wealth in the form of large dividends into the pockets of its proprietors. Of the company, which was composed of some of the ablest and most influential merchants of New York, such as Gardner and Samuel Howland, Philip Hone, John Jacob Astor, etc., not one now survives. Mr. Leonard was the first to introduce into the factories of this country the self-acting mules; was the inventor of the first broad-cloth looms; and to his inventive genius the cotton manufactures are indebted for many of their most perfect labor-saving machines. At length, retiring from active business, he returned to the city, and was for many years the agent of the American Institute. Those who remember the brilliant fairs of the Institute, at the Crystal Palace, will remember the courtesy and energy of the moving spirit, who was never weary in working for the development of American industry and genius.

—Another of the strong men of Secession is dead. Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, whose name is familiar to all who have known anything of the political history of the country for the last 30 years. Mr. King was one of the most active of the leaders of the Secession movement in his State. He was in Congress several years between 1839 and 1849.

—The Northamptonshire peasant poet, John Clare, died on the 20th ult., in the Northampton Lunatic Asylum, and was buried in his native village on the 24th. He leaves behind him a wife and several children, and we understand that a collected edition of his poems will shortly be published for the benefit of his family.

—Mr. Charles Sealsfield, the American author and popular novel writer, died at an advanced age on the 26th of May, at Solothurn, in Switzerland. Sealsfield, whose works are written in German, was for a certain time, in his branch, the "Great Unknown" of German literature, owing to the mystery with which he knew how to surround the authorship of his books. He had made himself a fortune with his pen, and had settled for about 20 years in Switzerland.

—"The death of the Marquis de Barolo, of this place," says a letter from Turin, "has revived an incident of interest to the literary world. In the house of this lady, Silvio Pellico passed the last 20 years of his life, and at his death left several unpublished writings in her possession. The heirs of Silvio Pellico claimed these works in order to publish them, though without success, but M. Briano, a friend of the author, being now provided with a regular authorization, is preparing to establish the rights of the family."

Accidents and Offences.—A mutiny occurred on the 13th June on board the *Emily Augusta*, Strickland, while proceeding to sea. The captain was stabbed and the mate knocked down and beaten. A boat's crew from the Revenue Cutter off Quarantine boarded the ship and took the crew into custody. Capt. Strickland is dangerously wounded.

—Mrs. Miller, the wife of a most respectable man, cut the throats of her two children and then her own, at Fishkill landing, on the 13th instant. Insanity the cause.

—In Pittsburg, the other day, a little boy, about six years old, becoming enraged at a playmate, his junior by two years, actually punched his eye out with a rusty nail, and not content with this, the young demon was deliberately proceeding to put out the other eye, when the little victim's screams brought assistance. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the offender, but his parents spirited him off to the country before the officers had time to secure him.

—Lloyd W. Daniels, a rebel soldier, who violated his parole and joined the rebel army, has been caught, convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary in Albany for three years.

—An explosion happened on the 17th June in the Government arsenal at Washington. There were nearly 1,000 workpeople in the building at the time; it is supposed that over 20 were killed.

Foreign.—The *Independence Belge*, speculating on the chances of Napoleon's son, now nine years of age, ever coming to the throne, recalls the remarkable historical fact that since Louis XIV. succeeded to the crown in 1643, a period of 220 years, no son of any French monarch has succeeded to the throne. Napoleon will not thank the journalist for the unpleasant reminder.

—On Monday, May 30, Louis Philippe Albert d'Orleans, Comte de Paris, the eldest hope of the Orleans family, was married to his first cousin, the Princess Isabelle of Spain, in the presence of a most illustrious company, including not only English nobility and foreign ambassadors, but many of the representatives of the old historic names of France, who still adhere in loyalty and hope to the fallen fortunes of the Orleans dynasty. The marriage was celebrated in the Roman Catholic chapel at Kingston, where the Duc de Chartres was married last year.

—There were 36,000 blind people in Great Britain on the 1st Jan., 1864. With very few exceptions they were all of the indigent classes.

—Garibaldi reached his home in Capri, after a voyage of four days, in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht. He is about to re-enter the Italian Parliament.

—The volunteer force of Great Britain now numbers 163,000 effective men. It is the intention of the Government to increase it to 250,000.

—The Spaniards are contemplating the cutting of a canal around the rock of Gibraltar.

—The Spanish Cortes have passed a law empowering the Government to make arrangements with the municipality of Madrid for the erection of a colossal bronze statue of Christopher Columbus in one of the public places of the city. It is proposed to inscribe on the pedestal the device of the Dukes de Veraguas, the great discoverer's descendants, of which the following is a translation: "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave the New World."

—The Masonic body of Paris was informed, at its last meeting, that the Emperor restored to it the traditional right of electing its Grand Master. This announcement was received with enthusiastic applause, and Marshal Magnan, who held his nomination by Imperial decree, was unanimously re-elected by the delegates of all the lodges present.

—Mr. Bright, in a recent speech, said that England was "the most merciless of all Christian countries." A prominent English journal admits this saying to be true, and, going back to the historical character of England in this respect, adds: "In the reigns of the Henries 500,000 subjects and citizens of England alone are computed to have been executed for the mere offence of vagrant indigence. Even in the reign of Elizabeth an unemployed peasant was held liable to seizure and slavery. In the time of James II., only 176 years ago, obnoxious citizens were sentenced to transportation wholesale, and sold by the Court to the courtiers, to be put up at auction as slaves in the plantations."

—The people of Naples have been sending addresses and giving serenades to the Duke of Sutherland, who is in their city, for his courtesy to Garibaldi. From Gibraltar, on the 3d of May, the Italian hero wrote this letter:

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—Having read in the London journals that you and your friends have formed the generous intention to open a subscription in favor of myself and children, I must let you know that it is impossible for me to accept it. It is, however, but one demand the more on the gratitude which I owe to you and to your noble friends for so much kindness."

"Devotedly yours,
"To the Duke of Sutherland. G. GARIBALDI."

Art, Science and Literature.—The expenses of the British Museum for the current year are rated at £96,400, and £47,000 of this are swallowed up in salaries. The additions to books during the past year numbered 36,000, and the average number of readers is 372 a day, each using 11 volumes.

—The *Cornhill Magazine* for June contains the last words of Thackeray. "I am sure," he said, in the person of Denis Duval, "I bore but little malice, and, thank Heaven! never wronged a man so much as to be obliged to hate him afterwards. Certain men there were who hated me; but they are gone, and I am here, with a pretty clear conscience, Heaven be praised! and little the worse for their enmity."

—The "Anecdotal Memoir of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin," now in the press, will, it is said, especially relate to the latter part of that distinguished prelate's career, presenting his admirers with scraps of his delightful conversation, his maxims, and much of that store of *ama* which he had accumulated in a long life devoted to religion and literature.

—The translation of an important work is announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., "Mazzini: his Autobiography and Works." The work will be issued in small 8vo., a volume at a time.

—It is again stated in literary circles that new volume of poems by Mr. Tennyson may be expected before the end of the year.

—An inventor has succeeded in chemically treating the pulp during the process of manufacturing paper in such a manner that when the paper is impressed upon the uninked types the chemical particles are crushed, and a perfectly black impression is the result. This discards ink and rollers, and will convert a printing-office into a model of cleanliness, instead of what it is now. It will also enable the pressman to print from a continuous roll of paper.

Odds and Ends.—A distinguished English physician has shown the difference in the average time of recovery from sickness between those who have been in the habit of using alcoholic drinks moderately and those who are total abstemious. The number who became infected from the same exposure of those who used the alcohol was nearly two to one of the other, and the time of recovery double.

—A prize fight came off at Oporto, C. W., lately, between two pugilists from Philadelphia, the one a Frenchman, named Tesson, and the other an Italian, named Cibloni. The contest lasted nine hours, during which they fought 56 rounds. Cibloni was killed outright, and Tesson is in a hopeless condition, having been given up by his physician.

—"Fancy," Sydney Smith once said, while sitting quietly at the Deanery of St. Paul's with some ladies, when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens had caught a cold, "fancy a giraffe with a sore throat!"

—The *Nain Jaune* (Paris) relates the following anecdote: "At the commencement of the winter two journalists were in conversation at the opera. The one M. de X., is a bachelor, the other M. de Y., just married. 'Well,' said the one to the other, 'how do you get along in your new condition?' 'Ah, my dear, there is nothing like being married! You cannot imagine how happy I am. When I am at work my wife is at my side, and at the conclusion of each paragraph I embrace her. That is charming!' 'Now I understand,' was the happy retort of X., 'why your sen-

teences are so short.' This conversation quickly spread through Paris. From that time forth the articles of X. were consulted by the public as the thermometer of his conjugal felicity. During two months the prose of M. Y. was disjointed and epigrammatic, in shorter periods than are to be found in the earlier writings of Emile de Girardin. All the women grew jealous of Madame Y. But gradually the periods elongated, and at last Madame Y. opened the journal edited by M. Y., and casting a rapid glance over the article signed with his name, cried, 'What! but a single paragraph in the whole article! Poor woman, a divorce will most assuredly follow!'

—John Milton's house, situated near the Barbican, London, is to be demolished, to make room for city improvements.

—A curious story is told of a Massachusetts colonel, who rode out one evening at dusk to establish his picket line. The men on the opposing sides could not distinguish one another, but the rebels had a countersign, "Mobile," and seized everybody who did not say that word, while our men on their part seized everybody who did say it, so that the result was that the rebels took six prisoners and we four, and the colonel established his picket line, though he could not tell exactly where it was.

—The New Yorkers have quite a zoological collection in the Central Park. Among the specimens are an English rabbit, an American Eagle, two Syrian brown-tailed sheep, a Canadian porcupine, one fox (the ninth), a pair of ringdoves, a pair of swan-geese, four young fawns, three cygnets, two pair of curassaws, two pelicans, a kinkajou, two macaws, five whistling ducks, a "oisot," two trumpet cranes, a fine parrot, a brova gallinule, and South American opossum.

—The *Charleston Courier*, S. C., May 24th, has the following queer paragraph: "Two fast steamers were launched from Nantes on the 3d of May for the rebels. This slip of the printer evidently arises from copying somewhat carelessly from a Northern newspaper."

—When a watch gets out of order in China and stops, they say it is dead, and lose no time in getting a living one—which is one that will go.

—The *Chicago Tribune* calls the letter in which Fremont accepts the nomination of the Cleveland Convention, "the last will and testament of the late J. C. Fremont." Even in this view it is, in a political sense, something like the last will of Rabelais: "I owe much; I have nothing; I leave the rest to the poor."

—The Reese River Hotel has the following among other rules for the government of its boarders of the gold-digging persuasion: "Lodgers inside arise at five A.M.; in the barn, at six o'clock; each man sweeps his own bed; no quartz taken at the bar; no fighting allowed at the table; any one violating the above rules will be shot."

—Indiarubber collars, shirt wristbands and cuffs are now quite the rage in London.

—A person living in London advertises that he has changed his name from Patrick O'Flaherty to "De Vere," and that in future he will be known as "Albert Henry Benson de Vere." This throws Count de Joazeux into the shade.

—Gold has been discovered in New Caledonia, one of the islands in the South Pacific Ocean.

—They are making straw hats in Paris without any crown, its place being supplied by two falls of lace, veiling the hair.

—An eye-fancier in a western journal writes thus learnedly of the mysteries: "It has often been said that a woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chafes scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, is always an entertaining, agreeable and lovely companion. 'We never knew,' says a quilldriver, 'but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose, which looked, as the Yankee says, like the little end of nothing whittled down to a point.' The gray is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers and captains have it. In women it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel is noble in its significance, as in its beauty. The blue eye is admirable, but may be feeble. The black eye, take care! Look out for the wife with a black eye! Such can be seen at the police office, generally, with a complaint against the husband for assault and battery."

—In his recent work, "Savage Africa," Winwood Reade shows satisfactorily that the gorilla resembles the chimpanzee in travelling on all fours, in building nests, in attacking by biting, in assembling occasionally in large numbers, in its docility when young, and in not differing so very materially from our ancient friend, the orang-outang. He denies that gorillas beat their breasts as a signal for battle, that they carry off women to domesticate them, or that they ever attack man without provocation.

—A gentleman, in conversation, remarked to President Lincoln, a short time since, that nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, to be followed by his nomination at Chicago and acceptance. "Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news received from Europe during the last week is both scanty and unimportant. The armistice between Germany and Denmark has been extended for another fortnight, and the probabilities are that the question may be so patched up as to avoid a general war. The position of England is so peculiar and embarrassing as almost to paralyze her action, and indeed render her advocacy positively disadvantageous to Denmark—her chief cards are to threaten Prussia with the loss of the Rhine, and Austria with that of Venetia. In one respect the visit of Garibaldi has materially strengthened the British Ministry, as it shows how intensely revolutionary the British nation is.

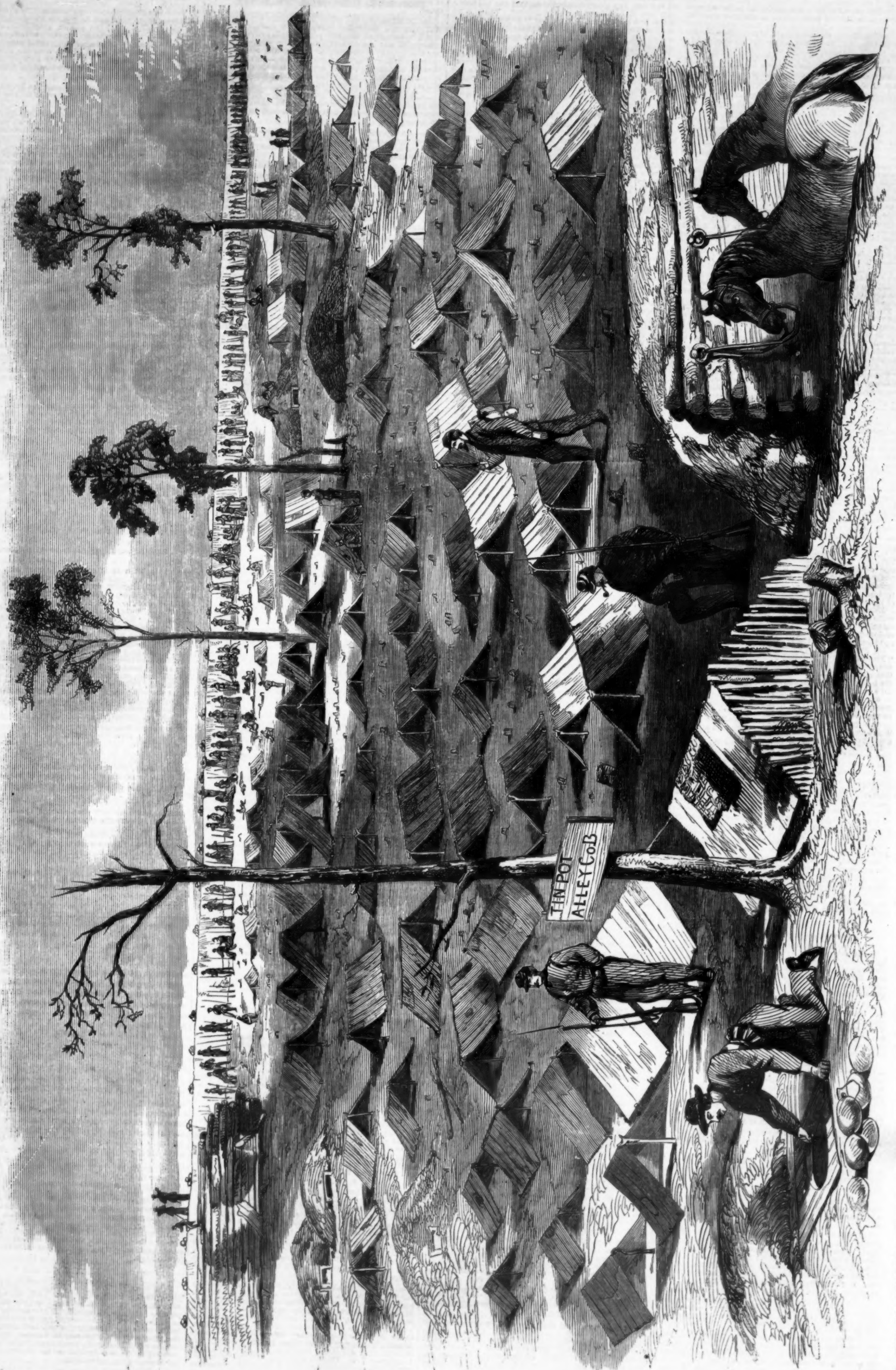
The health of the Pope remains in a very critical condition, although much reliance cannot be placed upon the newspaper accounts, as all conversant with Vatican politics understand.

The French papers have a report that Mr. Seward endeavored to influence the Papal Government to choose Bishop Timon as Archbishop Hughes's successor, instead of Bishop McCloskey.

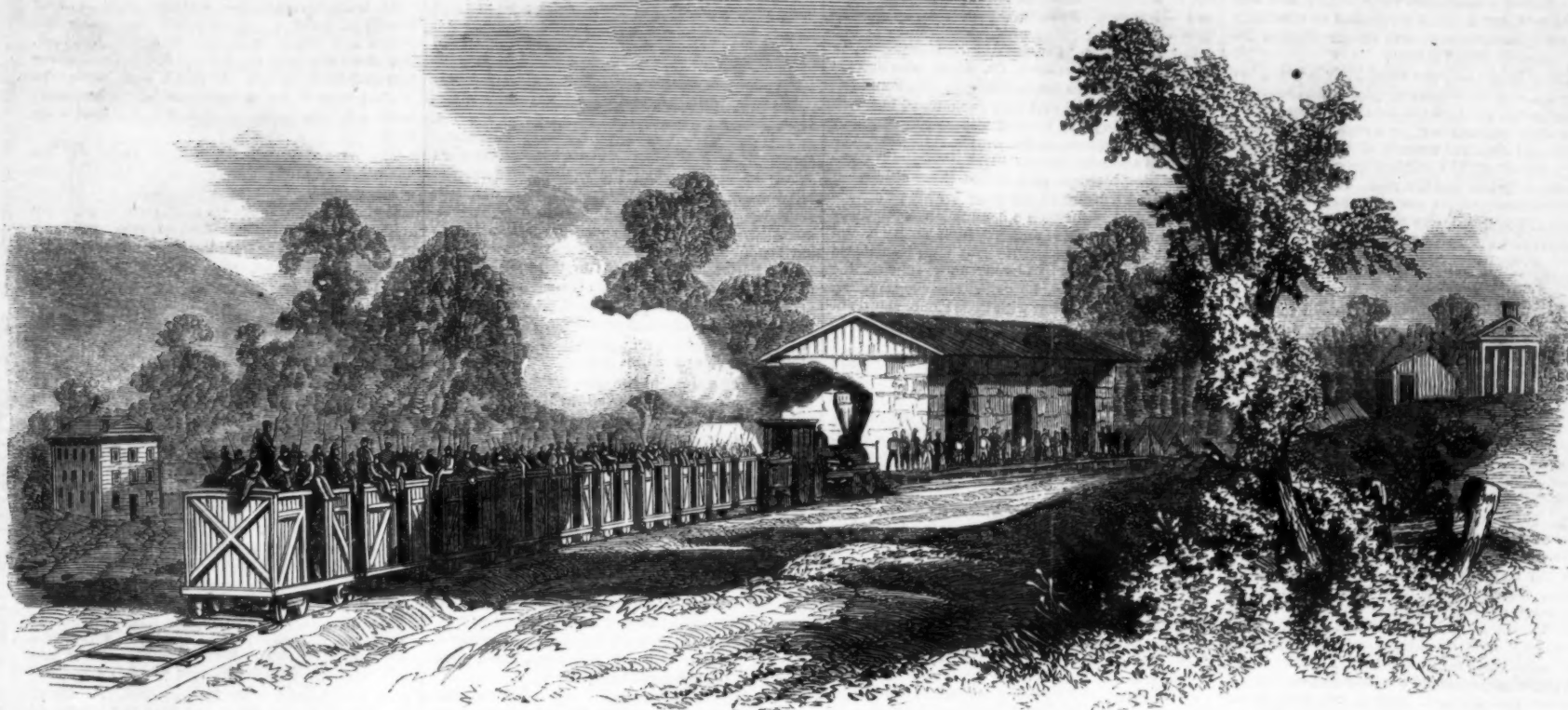
Garibaldi has had a warning from some of his friends that Capri is too exposed a residence for him, and that he might be carried off by Greek pirates employed by Louis Napoleon or the Emperor of Austria. The great Liberator having been returned to the Italian Parliament, he will reside part of his time in Turin. The reception he met in England was very distasteful to Victor Emmanuel.

The French papers are very much pleased with the arrival of Maximilian and his Empress in Mexico, and trust it will soon enable them to withdraw from that expensive and false position. The policy, however, of calling around him such men as Santa Anna, Miramir, Almonte, and other well-known intrigantes, is much canvassed, and pronounced very dangerous. The reception the Imperial pair met with at Vera Cruz is considered rather chilling, and calculated to raise gloomy forebodings.

MESSRS. HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, 218 Greenwich street, New York, among the valuable articles furnished by them, supply the new and popular dentifrice, Sozodont. It is extremely prized, as imparting a delightful refreshing taste and feeling to the teeth, removing tartar and scurf, and reaching in its cleansing course the interstices between the teeth and cavities of all kinds. It has been adopted and recommended by the best dentists in the country, and cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA--NUTTER'S LINES SOUTH OF THE JAMES, WITH TROOPS IN POSITION NEAR OUR CENTRE, AWAITING AN ATTACK PREVIOUS TO THE ARRIVAL OF GRANT'S ARMY, JUNE 3.--SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—TROOPS STARTING FROM RINGGOLD FOR THE FRONT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.—SEE PAGE 231.



CHARGE OF THE CASH BRIGADE At the Brooklyn Fair.

BY DE TOLBIAC.

Mais, comme l'a dit Molière,
Qu'allait-il aussi faire
Tous, dans cette galère?

'Cross the river, 'cross the river,
'Cross the river, onward
Up into Montague street
Marched the eight hundred.
'Forward! the Cash Brigade!
Go straight ahead!' he said.
Into the Academy
Marched the eight hundred.

In marched the Cash Brigade;
Think you they were afraid
That by some artless maid
They would be plunder'd?
Theirs, but to go and view,
Theirs, not a thing to do,
Theirs, not to spend a sou,
Thus through the Academy
Strode the eight hundred.

Ladies to right of them,
Ladies to left of them,
Ladies in front of them,
Looked up and wonder'd;
Seeing they did not buy,
None of the chances try;
Nothing would take their eye—
For all admirers
Thought the eight hundred.

Tables to right of them,
Tables to left of them,
Tables in front of them,
Piled up and lumber'd;
Taking no little space,
Tended with charming grace,
By the *crème* of the place;
Of none of which the face
Struck the eight hundred.

People to right of them,
People to left of them,
People in front of them,
Weary and hunger'd;

Pushing with all their might,
Seemingly out of spite,
As if 'twere their delight
To cause at once the flight
Of the eight hundred.

"Anything here to eat?"
"Something, I entreat!"
"Anything for a seat!"
"I can't stand on my feet!"
Each of them thunder'd;
No resource but to pace,
This done with charming grace
By ev'ry one, until
Into a quiet place
One of them blunder'd.
Then sat they down—but not
All the eight hundred.

Seats all could not beget,
'Gainst resting some were set,
Much marching there was yet
Others pretended;
Thanks to all who did aid,
Thanks to all who then made
Strong efforts to persuade
That these feuds should be stayed—
The good *entente* render'd;

For it was their intent,
The next hours should be spent
In peaceful merriment,
And thus, in order, went
Went the eight hundred.

What was there else to see?
What should their next move be?
Asked, when the gallery
Left, through the dense crowd, they
Slowly meandered;
Hungry as they were all,
Passed by table and stall,
Passed by each "waterfall,"
Through Kitchen, stage and Hall,
Each of them wander'd;
But nought found they for all—
All the eight hundred.

People to right of them,
People to left of them,
People in front of them,
Scrambled and thunder'd;
Hungry ones everywhere,
Pushed the ladies there,
They that had stood so well;
Back, from this splendid Fair,
In contentment rare,
Once more in open air,



Dr. Kent's Offer of Marriage.

March'd forth, in grim despair,
All the eight hundred.

When can their mem'ry fade?
At the wild trip they made,
They themselves wonder'd:
Forget the words they said,
Honor the trip they made!
Honor the Cash Brigade,
Happy eight hundred!

A Visit to a Fortuneteller.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED.

ROSA TEMPLETON sat alone in her room, her face buried in her hands, her heart lost in a melancholy reverie. She was a young woman—only twenty-three—fair to look upon too, and yet she had already endured such suffering as does not often afflict one person in the course of a whole life. Three years ago she had been as happy a creature as ever lived; the idolized darling of a home where her lightest will was law, with two fond parents, a stalwart brother and a sweet young sister to make up the happy family; surrounded by luxury, knowing that all belonging to her were respected and esteemed, herself the reigning belle of the town, a favorite with her young companions and adored by the young men, her position was indeed an enviable one, and she had enjoyed it to the full; naturally of a bright and cheerful disposition, the present had been all sunshine, and the future had seemed all promise. The first shadow came in the failure of her mother's health, but just as this trial began a new delight arose that made even this threatened sorrow for the time seem impossible—Rosa fell in love. She had had a score of suitors with whom she had laughed, and perhaps sometimes flirted, but not one had touched her heart, until she met Robert Marchmont. From the moment when she first saw his handsome, manly face, and looked into his earnest eyes, up to the time when he whispered to her his strong, deep love, it was all a wild delightful dream, and life was such a golden aspect that sorrow and death seemed the greatest unrealities. But almost immediately after her happy engagement a new trouble came in the parting with her lover. Robert was junior partner in a large mercantile house, and at this time there arose a sudden necessity for one of this firm to go out to



Before the Seeress.

South America, to attend to the affairs of a branch establishment, then involved in unexpected entanglement owing to the very sudden death of its chief. Robert was selected for this duty, and very reluctantly found himself compelled to start on a long and distant voyage, with no certainty of the period when he might return.

And now Rosa's sorrows were fairly begun; her lover gone, and the absorbing pleasure of his companionship removed, she woke to a sad consciousness of what she had lost, to a realization of how dull life was after the removal of this last excitement, worst of all to a sudden knowledge of how desperately ill her mother was. It was even so; Mrs. Templeton, while yet appearing about her house much as usual, was suffering under a mortal illness, and before the weary weeks had elapsed between Robert Marchmont's departure and his first letter Rosa wept on her mother's deathbed.

After this the other troubles came quickly. Mrs. Templeton was but taken from the evil to come. Her husband, all unsuspected by any one, had been for some time on the eve of ruin, and before six months had past the crash came. The wealthy house of Adolphus Templeton & Co. went to irretrievable "smash," and Rosa, the proud Rosa, knew that she was well nigh a beggar, saw that the papers were daily filled with denunciations of her father as a scoundrel, and heard his once honored name whispered with indignation and contempt. Soon came a period of the darkest misery. Rosa found herself slandered by many of her former companions, and knew herself to be an object of dislike or of pity to those who had once loved and esteemed her. The Templetons left their elegant house, and for a while lived in cheap lodgings, where, of course, none of their former friends could or would visit them. Here Rosa struggled on, teaching her little sister, trying to make their poor apartments comfortable, and doing what she could to cheer and encourage her father and brother. But it was hard work. Mr. Templeton fell into a more and more despondent state, until his mind at last fairly gave way under the shock, and it was only the horrible realization of a long haunting dread when he was discovered one morning dead in his bed, and by his own hand.

Let us hurry over this dark period. Poor Rosa was indeed stricken on every side, bereaved of almost everything that could make life desirable, and yet her sorrows were not over. Her brother Adolphus, who should have been the supporter and stay of the family in this dark hour, had proved himself wholly unequal to the task, and sank down utterly under his burdens. For two weary years Rosa clung to him and tried to restrain him, to keep him back from the headlong path of vice into which she knew he was sinking, but it was in vain. Night after night that poor girl sat up to watch for his return from some drunken orgy, and day after day she tried to stimulate him to reformation. It was all of no avail, he fell deeper and deeper, until his death in the agonies of *mania-a-potu* was a relief to every one but his poor desolate sister.

So the three years wore on, Rosa and her little sister Lily were alone in the world, and almost penniless. The remnants of her mother's fortune which had been left from the wreck, and which had sustained them in this past time of darkness, had all been absorbed in the last two dreadful years, and when the funeral expenses for poor Adolphus were paid Rosa had only two hundred dollars in the world with which to face the future. Had not her sorrows, indeed, been almost unparalleled? Mother, father and brother all dead, two of them by such horrible deaths; wealth, position, honor, all lost; surely she had lived through already trouble enough for a lifetime. Yet she was still young, and as I have said, still handsome. Her face, it is true, had lost the girlish roundness it still retained at twenty, the glad light had died out of her eyes, and there were faint lines on the corners of her mouth that told of suffering; but what her face had lost in softness it had gained in experience, there was something of the noble look of the faithful martyr now in her large sad eyes, and on her brow was the crown of those who can "suffer and be strong."

Rosa's first act after her brother's death was to remove to other lodgings, where two very small rooms would suffice for herself and Lily. They were retired and out of the way, but they were cheap and they were clean, and had a pleasant look-out. Once settled here, her next step was to seek employment. She had already earned some addition to their slender means by turning one of her former accomplishments to account in coloring photographs, and she now made this her regular employment, earning by it enough to suffice for her own and Lily's small wants, and leave their two hundred dollars for the present untouched.

And all this time where was Robert Marchmont? Ah! you may well ask, for in the answer to that question lay the last drop of bitterness in Rosa's already overflowing cup. She had heard from him regularly during the first year, but after that a strange silence had come, and for eighteen months she had received no word or letter from him. She knew that he was still away, he had never returned to the city, but gradually, as the weeks passed away without any reply to her last letter—that letter in which she had told him of her father's death and dishonor, and offered to release him from his engagement—the conviction came slowly home to her heart that he loved her no longer, he had forgotten the lovedream that had been so brief, and was glad to be released from the irksome ties that bound him to the bankrupt's daughter. Here was the sorrow that had told more than any other on Rosa's brave heart, for it deprived the future of all hope. Often and often when she lay awake at night, depressed with care and well-nigh despairing, she would have been glad to die, had not the quiet breathing of her sleeping sister reminded her of one great duty she yet had in life. And sometimes, despite all her sorrow, a faint hope would spring up, when she would think

that some day Robert Marchmont must return, and at last she might hope to look upon his face again, that face once sight of which she so longed for, that face without which all scenes of gaiety and all places of amusement would have been alike blank.

But recently a new element had appeared in Rosa's life; the physician, Dr. Kent, who had attended Adolphus in his last illness, was a middle-aged man, reserved and cold in manner, but with a good, true heart. He had watched Rosa in her untiring attendance on her wretched brother, her maternal kindness to her little sister. He knew all her past history, and at last there sprang up in his mind a desire to have her for his wife. He had long looked for such a companion as might be fit to share his wealth and his high position, and here at last he fancied he had found one. So when Rosa and Lily had been a short time settled in their new quarters, he called one evening, and requesting an interview with Rosa alone, astonished her by his formal proposal. Rosa was taken completely by surprise.

"This is so unexpected," she faltered; "I know not what to say."

"Miss Templeton," replied Dr. Kent, with some severity, for he had supposed that of course she would eagerly accept his proposal, "I am sorry if I have startled you. But, remember, this is a very grave subject. I will take you and your sister to my home, I will try to make you a good husband, and Lily shall be my sister as well as yours."

"You are very kind," Rosa exclaimed, touched by his offer to her sister as well as herself. "But indeed you must allow me time to consider the matter."

The doctor rose, a good deal offended at this want of alacrity.

"Very well," he said. "I will give you three days; but, remember, if you rashly reject my suit it will be final. I shall never renew the offer."

"Certainly not," replied Rosa, rather haughtily, "I am no girlish coquette, Dr. Kent, to trifle with a proposition so complimentary; I assure you my decision also will be final."

So the doctor went away, and Rosa dropped her head down on her hands and indulged in a hearty burst of tears. How this wooing, cold as it was, recalled Robert Marchmont's impetuous courtship; how it brought back again that scene she had so often tried to banish, where, almost without words, that first passionate love was avowed!

But now, how was she to answer this question, what reply should she make to the stern physician? This was the question that still remained unanswered on the second morning after the period when my story opens. She did not love him, no! that she was sure of, and she did love Robert Marchmont yet. Yes, that she could not deny; despite his neglect, his cruelty, for aught she knew his infidelity, her heart still longed unutterably for one kind word from him, and she felt that no other image could ever take the place of that one indelibly impressed on her memory. But, then, Dr. Kent would be very kind, and had she the right to refuse? She was not alone; had she been by herself she would have infinitely preferred her present life, hard as it was, to marriage with a man she did not love, but for Lily's sake was not this her duty? He would be kind to Lily as well as to her, he would give her the advantages she ought to have on entering life. Was it not manifestly her duty to sacrifice her own wishes for the sake of that darling child? These were the questions perpetually presenting themselves. She would think of Lily and then she would half decide in the affirmative, yet the moment she contemplated the idea of being that man's wife she could not repress an involuntary shudder, while again she seemed to hear, as in a dream, Robert Marchmont's words of love.

So Rosa sat for nearly an hour, lost in sad reverie, her work lay neglected beside her; somehow it seemed to be as if she could not do anything while this question remained undecided, and yet how should she decide it? How choose between duty and inclination? This was the debate repeating itself in her poor head until it seemed as if she should go mad.

It was still running on when she at last roused herself, and determining that at least present duties should not be neglected, turned to her labors on the photographs. She had brought a package from the store the morning before; they still remained wrapped up in a piece of newspaper as she had brought them. She took them up to untie the string, and in doing so her eye fell on a portion of the paper around them. It was one of those advertisements of astrology which daily prove to the world how much of superstition still lingers in the nineteenth century. It was as follows:

"Madame Beam, Clairvoyant, can be consulted on all important events of life. Advice invaluable in all cases of love and marriage. Ladies, 25 cents; gentlemen, 50 cents. Office, — Seventh Avenue."

Rosa read it as if fascinated, laughed at her own folly in the impression it made upon her, and, at last, with a sudden desperation, started up, put on her hat and shawl, and went out with the advertisement in her hand. It was a damp, disagreeable March day, the streets were very wet, the air heavy, the heavens sombre, as she hurried on, with her veil down, through the long streets that led from her own home to the distant avenue. As she went she smiled every now and then at her own folly in what she was about to do. But it seemed to her as if anything, any advice, however humble, would be a relief in this crisis of her fate. She did not believe in this absurd humbug, of course; she had no reliance whatever upon any such nonsense, but at least it would be amusing to hear what the clairvoyant would say. Twenty-five cents was not much, and, perchance, some ray of light might come to her that would enable her to see her way in this hour of indecision.

Reflecting somewhat in this wise, Rosa reached

at last the common-looking door, which bore upon it the name of "Madame Beam." Drawing her veil closer, Rosa rang the bell, and stepped inside; a slatternly servant-girl answered the summons by screaming from the top of the stairs:

"Do you want Madame Beam?"

"Yes," answered Rosa, her heart beating in spite of herself.

"Then walk up here."

Rosa ran upstairs, and was shown into a dingy back parlor, where she was told to wait a few moments. This was anything but imposing; there surely were no mysterious adjuncts to work upon the feelings, and the wretched room, the odor of a dilapidated breakfast that pervaded it, served certainly rather to inspire contempt than awe. On the walls were sundry certificates in various handwritings, setting forth that Madame Beam had foretold various matters of life and death, which had afterwards turned out in exact accordance with the predictions. But the handwriting of most of these was decidedly mean, the composition vulgar, and Rosa turned away with another smile at her own folly.

Just at this moment the dirty servant-girl again appeared, and ushered Rosa into Madame Beam's office. It was a small dark room, containing a couch, covered with a dark calico quilt, two chairs and a table, on which lay a greasy pack of cards. In one of the chairs sat the mysterious clairvoyant, dressed in a forlorn calico dress, an old straw hat and a green veil. This, then, was the dispenser of life and death, the gifted being who could reveal the past and predict the future.

"Sit down," she exclaimed to Rosa, pointing to the vacant chair. "Sit right down. Now, I tell you two ways—twenty-five cent way you can ask only two questions; dollar, and you can ask anything you like, and I'll tell your life, past and to come; which way will you have, twenty-five cent way or dollar way?"

"Twenty-five cent way," answered Rosa, her breath nearly taken away by the woman's rapidity.

"I'm always paid in advance," continued Madame Beam.

"There's the money," and Rosa tossed her the requisite quarter.

"Now cut these cards, if you please?"

Rosa cut the cards, laughing the while behind her veil, and then Madame Beam began as she picked up the pasteboards to run off the fortune with a volubility of which it is impossible to give any adequate idea.

"You've cut very good cards, mum; you've had a great deal of trouble in your past life, a great deal, but you are going to have a great deal of success; your future life will be full of good luck. There's no sickness nor death threatening any one that's near to you; and there's a gentleman coming to see you from over the water."

At this Rosa's heart beat, and her attention to the woman's rapid utterance was redoubled.

"Cut the cards again, mum," said the clairvoyant, "and I'll tell you about him."

Rosa cut them, and she went on:

"He's a fair gentleman, and his heart is very much inclined towards you; he is coming a great way from over the water, and he will be here in three days."

"Cut again, mum."

Rosa obeyed, and she began again:

"There's another gentleman, a dark man, of a jealous disposition, who also thinks very much of you; you will see him to-morrow, but I advise you to beware of him. Now, mum, let me look at your left hand."

Rosa held out her palm as requested, and on this text Madame Beam went on glibly:

"You've had very much trouble I see here, mum, a great deal of trouble, but you'll have success and prosperity in the future. You'll be married once, mum, and you'll have five children; you'll live to a good old age, and you'll have no sickness nor death for many years to come. Now, mum, you may ask me two questions."

Then as Rosa hesitated she went on:

"Perhaps you'd like to know about that fair young man, mum. I'll tell you anything about him you wish to know. Perhaps you'd like to know if he loves you, would you?"

"Yes," faltered Rosa.

"Well, then, mum, be good enough to fix your mind upon him, and cut the cards, fix your mind entirely upon him, mum."

Rosa did so, her heart was full of one thought—"Robert, Robert, Robert," in a wild, yearning cry, as she cut those absurd pasteboards. The fortuneteller ran them over.

"Yes, mum, he loves you very much, and you will know it in a week and a half from this time. Any other question, mum?"

"Shall I say No or Yes to the proposal that has been made to me?" asked Rosa, with a smile at her own credulity.

"Say No, mum, or you'll have a great deal of trouble," responded the oracle, and Rosa left the room to make way for a common-looking man who was awaiting his turn.

Once out in the street Rosa found her head fairly in a whirl; the woman had spoken so rapidly, she had hit so near the truth, that spite of her own good sense the words had made an impression upon her. She knew to be sure that the story of some one coming over the water was stereotyped, and the dark man and the fair man pretty sure to be right if a lady had any admirers at all, since they would all range themselves under the denomination of dark and fair; yet still, despite the innate conviction that it was all humbug, Rosa was sufficiently impressed to come to one decision—she would not accept Dr. Kent. Perhaps the walk in the fresh air and the stimulant to her mind of her recent interview had helped her to look at the question more rationally, but the conviction came upon her with perfect clearness that it was not her duty to marry a man so utterly repugnant to her; and looking above all earthly

comfort, she felt sure that the God who made her would not leave her to do this violence to her nature, and that he would surely still sustain her as He had in the past.

So Rosa had decided, and she drew a long breath of relief as she entered once more her rooms and turned with new energy to her task. Nor could she help cherishing the hope that the fortuneteller's words inspired, and while she worked away at her monotonous labors her heart could not help rejoicing as if it had indeed some hope.

The next day, when Dr. Kent came for his answer, Rosa made it a very decided though courteous refusal. He was astonished, incredulous, and finally very angry; so that poor Rosa, while regretting the mortification he suffered, could not help feeling that she had done well in not trusting herself to this man, who, if he could show so much temper to her now, would scarcely have been a very amiable husband.

So the two sisters went on together as usual, the days slipped by, even the third day that the fortuneteller had said should bring back the fair young man, and no event occurred to prove to Rosa that she had done well. She even began sometimes to fear that she had made a foolish mistake when she realized what she could not but admit, that she had been largely influenced by what that foolish woman had said. Yet, still firm in that reliance on a higher power that had never deserted her, she tried to struggle bravely on.

It was Sunday, a mild, pleasant spring day, rather more than a week after Rosa's visit to Madame Beam, and the sisters were coming home from the quiet church which they were in the habit of attending. Their way lay for a short distance through Fifth avenue, and they were hurrying along the crowded thoroughfare which was now anything but the favorite promenade it had once been to Rosa. She had her veil down, the crape veil she still wore for her brother's death, but it was not so thick but that her handsome features could be seen through it clearly enough to elicit some admiring glances from the gay loungers. But this was a sort of homage no longer pleasing, and Rosa hurried on and had almost reached the cross street leading to her home when she caught a glimpse of a face that actually for an instant held her spellbound where she stood. Yes, there was Robert Marchmont! She knew him at once, though; he looked older, and he was bronzed and bearded—he was coming directly towards her, and on his arm leaned a beautiful and elegantly dressed woman.

Poor Rosa, to save her life she could not stir for one wild moment, while all the blood in her body rushed to her heart and left her pale and trembling. Where was her pride and her dignity? Gone, hopelessly gone for those few seconds. She could not do anything but look at him, her long lost one, with wide staring eyes, and he came on laughing gaily until he was close beside her, then his eyes met hers, and he grew almost as deadly white as she was. Yes, under the brown skin the strong man grew fearfully pale with the influence of uncontrollable emotion.

"My God! Miss Templeton!" he exclaimed, and with a rapid motion, dropping the arm of his astonished companion, he sprang to her side.

"Rose! Miss Templeton!" he faltered, in a voice husky with agitation, "Where do you live? May I come and see you?"

Rose answered as well as she was able, giving the number of her house and an assent she could not help making glad.

"This evening, then," he murmured, and raising his hat he was gone, and Rosa had walked on again.

Yes! it was indeed no dream, that was Robert Marchmont, true as ever, and Rosa went back to her little rooms in a state of excitement that utterly baffles description. How long the time seemed to evening, and yet how soon evening came, when once again Robert and Rosa were alone together.

He sprang up the stairs to her room, and then as she rose to greet him he met her with outstretched arms.

"My love! my darling! my own Rosa!" and Rosa did not resist as he clasped her in his arms.

"You love me still?" he asked, after the first wild moment was over.

"Yes, Robert, always. And you?"

"You know I have always been true!"

"And why have you not written to me?"

"My dear, you heard of that journey into the interior and then my long illness, did you not? And I never received your dreadful letter offering to release me, until just before I set sail for home."

"And the lady who was with you this morning?"

"My new sister-in-law, John's wife; only think that John should have grown old enough to get married while I was away."

"When did you return?"

"Nearly a week ago, and I have tried ever since to find you in vain."

So it was all explained, and they were wonderfully happy, and when Rosa told about her visit to the Clairvoyant, although Robert laughed at her, how thankful he was for her decision.

After this I don't think there is much more to tell; Robert was rich, and Lily would have as happy a home with him as with Dr. Kent, so Rosa and he were married, and part at least of the fortuneteller's predictions were verified, though I am not quite certain if the statement as to the number of olive branches is correct, as I have had no bulletin from the family in the last two years.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—A Berlin professor finds that Europe contains 72,000,000 inhabitants; Asia, 720,000,000; Africa, 89,000,000; America, 200,000,000; and Polynesia, 2,000,000—total, 1,283,000,000. Of this little crowd about 32,000,000 die in each year, which is 87.671 a day, or 61 per minute. Another professor calculates that 36,027,543,275,075,855 people have lived on the earth since the creation.

PICTURES.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

I.

Taking a Little Row on the River.

A breeze sweeps lightly across the Zee,
Roughing the waters beneath the moon,
And rocking my boat, while lazily
I dip the oars to a whistled tune.

II.

The Town Clock in the Church Steeple.

Yonder gray turret against the sky
Stands like a tower of olden time:
I rest on my oars, and there floats me by
The musical ring of its sweet bell-chime.

III.

Time to Go Home.

I heed the warning, and row for the shade
Of the woody hills, that in beauty stand
Just as they stood in olden days,
And my boat-prow cuts in the yielding sand.

IV.

Through the Woods in the Dark.

I fasten my boat to a mossgrown beam,
To part from the river my spirit grieves;
But a soft rill, under the moon's white gleam,
Lights me along through a land of leaves.

The Gulf Between Them.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ELIZABETH Mellen was home again—home under her husband's roof, for ever at home in his heart. She sat in her dressing-room. The autumnal sunshine came through its windows, with a rich, golden warmth. A hickory wood fire filled the room with additional cheerfulness, which was scarcely needed, for that awful chill had left her heart for ever. A few days of supreme happiness had given back the peachlike bloom to her cheek and the splendor to her eyes. Full of contentment, all the generous impulses of her character rose and swelled in her bosom, till she longed to share her heaven with anything that was cast down or unhappy. The door between her room and Elsie's boudoir was open, and through it she could hear a soft, pleading voice amid a struggle of sobs and tears. Prompted by tender sympathy, Elizabeth half rose from her easy-chair, but fell back again, murmuring:

"No, no, she will best find her way to his heart alone. God help her to be frank and truthful."

Still she listened, and her beautiful face grew anxious, for the sternness of her husband's voice, in answer to those feeble plaints, gave little hopes of conciliation. Directly Mellen came through the boudoir and sat down on a couch near his wife, shading his face with one hand, not wishing her to see how much he was disturbed. Elizabeth arose then, bent over him, and softly removed the hand from his eyes.

"For my sake," Grantley, she said, "for my sake."

Generous tears filled her eyes, pleading tenderness spoke in her voice. Her lips, tremulous with feeling, touched his forehead.

"For my sake, Grantley."

Mellen lifted his eyes to hers—a mist, such as springs from the unshed tears of a strong man, softened them. She fell upon her knees by his side, laid her head upon his bosom with soft murmurs of thankfulness which no living man could have resisted.

Mellen folded her close, and touched his lips to her forehead with tender reverence.

"For your sake, my beloved; what is there that I would not do for your sake?"

"And this forgiveness is perfect," she questioned.

"The fault from this hour is forgotten, sweet wife."

"It was terrible—more terrible than you dream of. When I tell you that she had engaged herself secretly to Thomas Fuller, even your mercy may be qualified."

Elizabeth withdrew from her husband's arms and bowed her lovely face for a moment in sad thoughtfulness. Then she looked up, smiling faintly.

"Elsie is so thoughtless—she does not mean the wrong she does poor Tom—still we must not be unmerciful, so once more let us forgive her wholly—without reservation."

A knock at the door disturbed them. It was Victoria, who came to announce Mr. Fuller, who was close behind her.

"Elizabeth, I've come back. It was no use trying to stay in that confounded city; to save my life I couldn't do it," he said, pushing by the pretty mulatto and closing the door upon her. "Can I see her now—only for once, you know?"

Elizabeth blushed crimson.

"Oh, Tom, you don't know your—"

"Yes, I do know."

"And still wish to see her?"

"Why not? of course I do; because one—infernal villain—excuse me, I won't talk. Where is she?"

Elizabeth, a little shocked and quite taken by surprise, glanced towards the blue boudoir. In Tom strode and shut the door resolutely after him.

Lying upon a couch, over which that pale marble statue was bending with its cold lilies in mocking purity, lay a pale little creature, covered with a pink eider-down quilt, which but half covered a morning dress of faint azure; quantities of delicate Valenciennes lace fluttered, like snowflakes, around her wrists and bosom, and formed the principal material of a dainty little cap, under which her golden tresses were gathered. She

looked like a girl of twelve pretending womanhood.

When Tom came in she uttered a sudden cry and flung up her hands and dropped them in a loose clasp over her face, which flushed under them like a rose.

Tom walked straight to the couch, drew one of the fragile gilded chairs close to it, and sat down.

"Don't—don't—go away. It's cruel. I shall faint with shame," she cried, trembling all over.

"Not till you have answered me a few questions," said Tom, firmly. "Questions that I have a right to ask and you must answer."

Elsie drew the little hands slowly from her face and looked at him. The blue eyes—grown larger from illness—opened wide, her lips parted. That was not the lover she had trifled with and dominated over. She was afraid of him, and shrunk away close to the wall.

"Elsie, one word," said Tom, pressing a hand firmly on each knee and bending towards her.

Her lips parted wider, and she watched him with the glance of a frightened bird when a cat looks in at the door of its cage.

"You have come to torment me," she faltered.

"Torment you! I! It isn't in me to do that. Torment! I do not know what it is."

"Well, what do you want of me then?"

"What do I want, Elsie, dear? What do I want? Nothing but God's truth, and that I will have?"

Elsie's eyes grew larger, and the flush of shame left her face.

"I can't—I can't tell you the truth, Tom Fuller, now. Elizabeth, she can say enough to make you ready to kill me, but I would rather die than talk of it."

"I know all that Elizabeth can tell me," said Tom, resolutely.

"What did you come for, then?"

"To ask this one question: Did you love that man?"

A shiver of disgust ran through her and broke out in her voice:

"Love him! No! At first it seemed as if I did; but after I saw what he was and how he lived, it was dreadful, I hated him so."

"But how came you married to him?"

"I don't know; I never could tell. It was when we went on that picnic. He asked me to walk with him. It was good fun to set you all wondering, and I went. He took me down the hill and towards the beach, close by the tavern. We had been flirting for weeks then in New York and here, for he always met me when I went out to walk or ride, or anything; but I never thought of marrying him in earnest, upon my sacred word. Well, that day, just as we came to the tavern, he said, 'Let us stop a moment and get married; there is a clergyman in here.'"

"I didn't believe him, and said so. 'Come in and see for yourself,' was his answer. I went in laughing. A gentleman sat in one of the rooms, and Mr. North's mulatto servant, who was sauntering about the door when we came up, followed us in. I don't know what possessed me. Perhaps for the minute I loved him; it seemed to me that I must stand up when the strange man arose. He only said a few words, and before I really believed it was a true ceremony the man said I was Mr. North's wife, and wrote out a paper, which I dropped, thinking that I should be really married if I took it, but which Mr. North picked up, saying I did not know its value."

"The scoundrel! The infamous, double-dyed scoundrel!" cried Tom. "But you didn't love him—you didn't love him?"

"No," said Elsie, shaking her head. "I tried my best to get away from it all, but it was of no use. Then he petted me so, and told me how beautifully we would live somewhere in Europe, and I thought him so rich. But it was my money he meant to use. He thought that half of uncle's property was mine, and when I told him how it was, oh, I won't tell you how rude he became. Just after he told me about that other person."

Elsie broke off here, and covered her face with both hands again. Tom saw the scarlet glow where it shot up to her temples and bathed her white throat, and gave his hands one hard grip in a wild desire to strike something.

"There comes a question," he said, hoarsely; "did you leave him?"

"Yes, yes; that very hour."

"And never saw him again?"

"Never but once; and then I ordered him out of the house."

"Because you hated him so?"

Tom seized both her hands as he asked this question, and wrung them till she could scarcely keep from crying out with the pain.

"Oh, how I did hate him!" she exclaimed, shuddering.

"Elsie," said Tom, "look into my face, straight into the eyes."

She obeyed him, with a look of piteous appeal.

"Did you ever love me?"

Her hands were locked together, she lifted them up with more of energy than he had ever witnessed in her before.

"Did you?" repeated Tom, and a glow came into his face.

"Yes."

The word had scarcely left her lips when Tom flung the gilded chair back and fell on his knees, gathering her up in his arms with a wild outburst of feeling.

"Then I'll be d—hung and choked to death if anything on God's beautiful earth keeps me from marrying you!"

She clung to him, she lifted her quivering lips to his.

"Say it again, just once, darling!" cried Tom, shaking back his tawny locks with energy. "Is this love downright, honest, whole-hearted love?"

"Yes, yes!"

"God bless you, darling! And when was it? about what time did it begin?"

She answered him honestly, but with a faltering voice:

"Oh, Tom, I'm afraid it wasn't till after you got so rich. Don't think hard of it; I do love beautiful things so much—but indeed, indeed I love you more."

"Then I'm glad the old covey left me all his money. I don't care a d—red cent why you love me, only I must be sure that it's a fixed fact. Now I'll go straight out and tell Bessie."

Elsie turned cold.

"Oh, Tom, she'll never consent to it."

"Won't she! I'd just like to know why?"

"And my brother, he is so cold, so unforgiving."

"Is he? then I'll take you away to a warmer climate. But don't believe it; he's proud as a race-horse, but you'll find him a trump in the end."

"Don't go yet, Tom, I am afraid they will—"

"No, they won't," cried Tom, and away he went into Elizabeth's sitting-room, with tears sparkling in his eyes and a generous flush in his face.

"Mellen," he said, wringing Grantley's hand, "I want to be married to-morrow, and carry her away."

"Fuller, what is the meaning of this?" demanded Mellen, pained and surprised, while Elizabeth stood up aghast at this sudden outburst.

"It means just this, Mellen, I don't care a tin whistle for what has gone before, and I feel strong enough to take care of anything that may come after. Your sister loves me, and I love her, that's enough. I am satisfied, and—there—that's enough. The whole thing is a family secret, and who is going to be the wiser. I only hope they have dug the fellow's grave deep enough, that's all."

"But, Fuller, have you reflected?"

"Reflected! I've done nothing else for a week, and this is just what it has brought me to. So give us your hand."

Elizabeth came up to Tom, put her arms around his neck, and burst into tears.

"That's the time o' day," shouted Tom.

"Silence gives consent; now just give us a good brotherly grip of the hand, Mellen, and it's all right."

Tom folded one arm around his cousin, and held out the other a second time. Mellen took it in his, wrung it warmly, and left the room.

"Just go in and comfort her a little, Bessie, poor darling, she's afraid you won't consent."

"Generous, noble fellow," said Elizabeth, kissing him with warmth; "but where will you go? what will you do? It is all so very sudden."

"Do! what on earth can I do but love her like distraction? Go! any place where she can find life and fun, plenty of shopping. Paris, isn't that a nice sort of place for pretty things? I think we'll go to Paris first. But, I forgot, Rhodes's daughter, the old maid, is waiting for you downstairs. Victoria would have told you if I hadn't shut her out."

Elizabeth went down, leaving Tom in the only spot he cared to occupy on earth. She found Miss Jemima in a state of wild commotion, with her riding-dress buttoned awry, and one of her gauntlets torn half off with hard pulling.

"Did you know it? had you any suspicion?" she demanded, confronting Elizabeth like a grenadier; I could think it of your sister, but you—you—"

"What is it? I know nothing," answered Elizabeth.

"They are married, absolutely married; my par and that painted lay figure you introduced to him, that Mrs. Harrington."

"What, your father married to her!" cried Elizabeth; "you surprise me."

"It's a solemn truth, though a disgraceful truth, but she shall never come into the house that shelters me. I'll burn it down first. Where's your sister?"

"She is ill in her room."

"Yes, I dare say. But she's had a hand in this, and I'll pay her for it, or my name isn't Jemima Rhodes. Tell her so, with my compliments. Good morning!"

With this abrupt adieu the spinster took herself off, tagging away at her gauntlet, or what was left of it, and diversifying the movement with a vicious crack of her whip now and then.

Elizabeth smiled and went upstairs again. Thus the great events of the day ended.

In less than a week Tom Fuller was quietly married, and took his wife at once on board a steamer bound for Europe. She had come forth from her sick room greatly subdued and changed in many respects, but able, from her peculiar character, to put a veil between her and the past, which would have been impossible to a woman like Elizabeth.

I am happy to state that 'Dolph's treachery met with its proper reward. Clorinda succeeded in saving her money, and she married the parson, leaving 'Dolph to his shame and remorse. Victoria gave him the cold shoulder, and made herself so intimate with a new male Adonis, who came to the house as domestic, that 'Dolph's days were full of misery and his nights made restless with legions of nightmares.

The house by the sea shore stands up in its old picturesque stateliness, and within the sunshine never fails, and the summer of content is never disturbed; through dark waters and terrible tempests they have come, even in this world, upon the promised land.

THE END.

PROFESSOR S., of Dickson College, is not much given to joking. Occasionally, however, this vein of his disposition is excited, and then his hits are of the hardest kind, and double-edged. One morning, not long ago, he found a horse in the recitation-room. The class had collected, and with solemn countenances awaited the entrance of the professor. He came in, looked around deliberately, first upon the horse, then upon the class, and remarked, at the same time twitching his shirt collar:

"Ahem! You have got a new classmate, I see. I'm glad it's a horse, there were jackasses enough before."

THE SHARPSHOOTERS BEFORE RICHMOND.

THE lines of Grant's advance on Richmond had been pushed so close to those of Lee that a story is told of a captain who went out to set his picket line, and lost six of his men, but brought in four of the enemy, who had blundered into his hands.

The sharpshooters kept steadily at work, their rifle-pits not being more than 100 yards apart, and in some cases even less. No part of the body could be exposed for a moment. Gradually, however, the fire slackens on both sides, and at last it dies away. After a pause some adventurous one raises his head, and calls out: "How are you, Johnny?" "How are you, Yank?" comes in reply, with a hearty good will, and the ice being broken a promise follows not to shoot, and out they rally to stretch their limbs and take a moment's freedom. The rifle-pits and the tree-top give up their denizens, who gradually approach the half-way line, and with the characteristic spirit of the universal nation begin to swap.

Richmond papers and tobacco are exchanged for Northern luxuries, and for a time all is gay banter and friendly intercourse. At last the warning is given, "Run back, Johnny!" "Run back, Yank!" Men regain their posts, and the firing begins, high at first, and evidently with no intention except to warn that the stern reality reigns once more.

RINGGOLD, GEORGIA.

THERE is no more striking proof of the power of the Government ultimately to suppress the rebellion than to view the present field of operation. We give a sketch in this paper of Ringgold, a post village in Walker county, Georgia, and station on the Western and Atlantic Railroad. Yet we give it, not as a place recently captured from the enemy, but to show it as a sort of depot whence men and munitions of all sorts are sent forward to the army under Sherman, which is stubbornly fighting its way to the very heart of the staunchest, most solid, powerful and prosperous of the Southern States, Georgia, whose voice would have killed secession as soon as born, which was apparently too remote from the North to be easily reached, but which has become the theatre of the war.

LEE'S NIGHT ATTACK ON SMITH'S BRIGADE, JUNE 9.

AFTER the fearful battle of Friday, when Grant so gallantly attempted to force the passage of the Chickahominy and actually carried some of Lee's works, a lull ensued, and night was fast coming on in a universal stillness. But suddenly, when nearly eight o'clock, and as twilight was just vanishing, Hancock's corps heard in the rebel works just by them the words of command. At once all was in motion, every man at his post, the artillery ready to open on the assaulting column. They had not to wait long; over the intervening crest, clearly defined in the gathering darkness, came Beauregard's men, whose last fight was at Olustee. As the line appeared, Smith's brigade, of Gibbons's division, poured in a volley which pierced the darkness like a flash of lightning. Down, down they go in the withering storm of bullet, grape, canister and shell; but they close up and come on; volley after volley is given, but they press on the divisions of Barlow and Gibbons and the left of Wright's corps. These gallant fellows welcomed their antagonists of the morning, and drove them back with terrible loss, but so desperately did the rebels charge that some were killed in our entrenchments and others dragged inside as prisoners.

This repulse of the rebels closed the bloody work of the day, which stands the fiercest action of the war.

Our Artist within the lines sketched the night attack, and few will look without interest upon this triumphant resistance of the war-worn heroes of the 2d army corps.

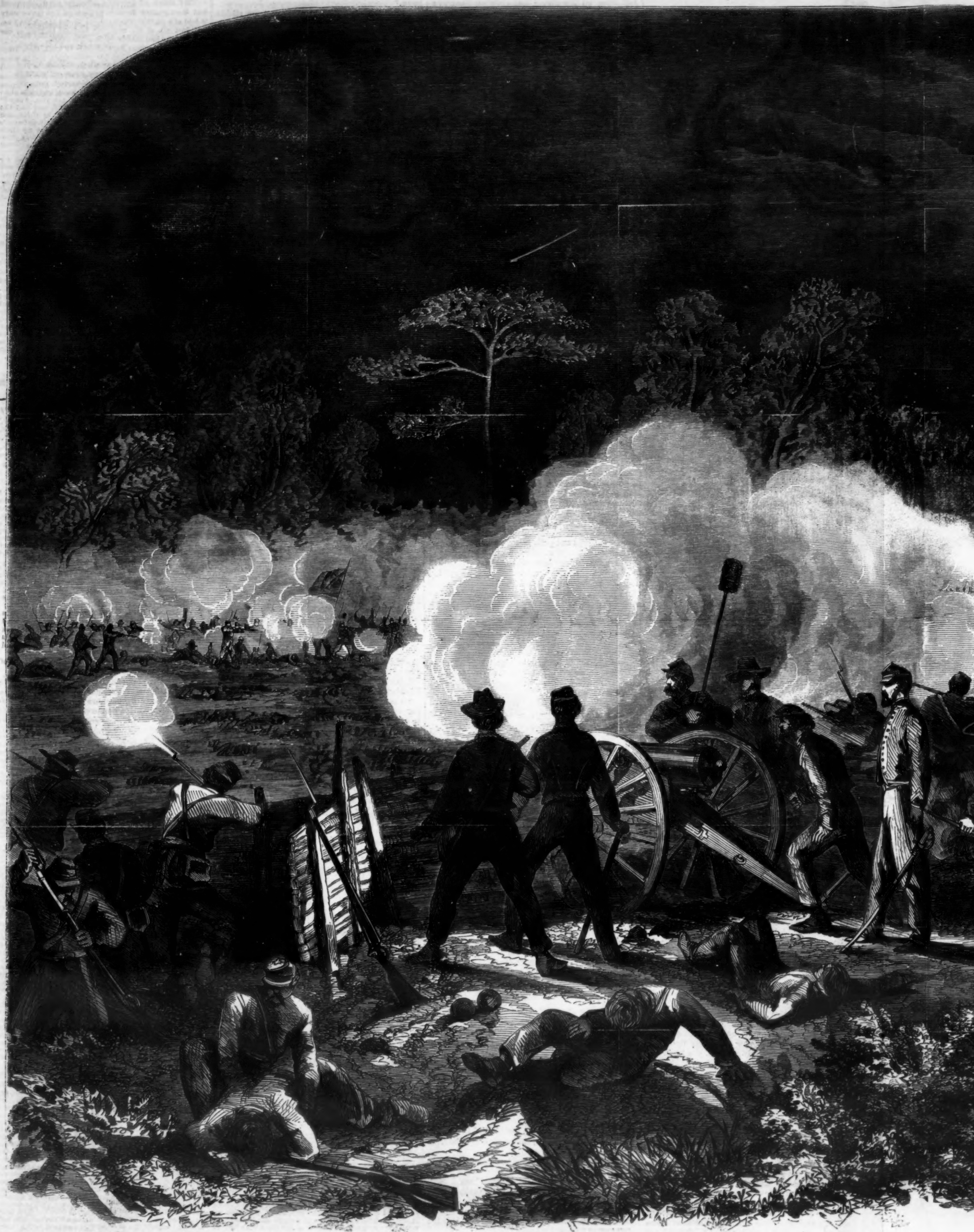
THE LAST OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

AMONG the acts of the present Congress was a resolution tending to the surviving soldiers of the Revolution the thanks of the country for their services in the war by which our Independence was achieved and our liberty obtained, as well as sincerely rejoicing that their lives have been protracted beyond the period usually allotted to man. A small additional pension was also given to help them in their last days. It might well have been ten times what it was, but it was something. It was generally supposed that they were 13 in number, and some of our contemporaries so state. In fact, however, several of them are dead, some had departed, indeed, before the matter of the new pension was mooted.

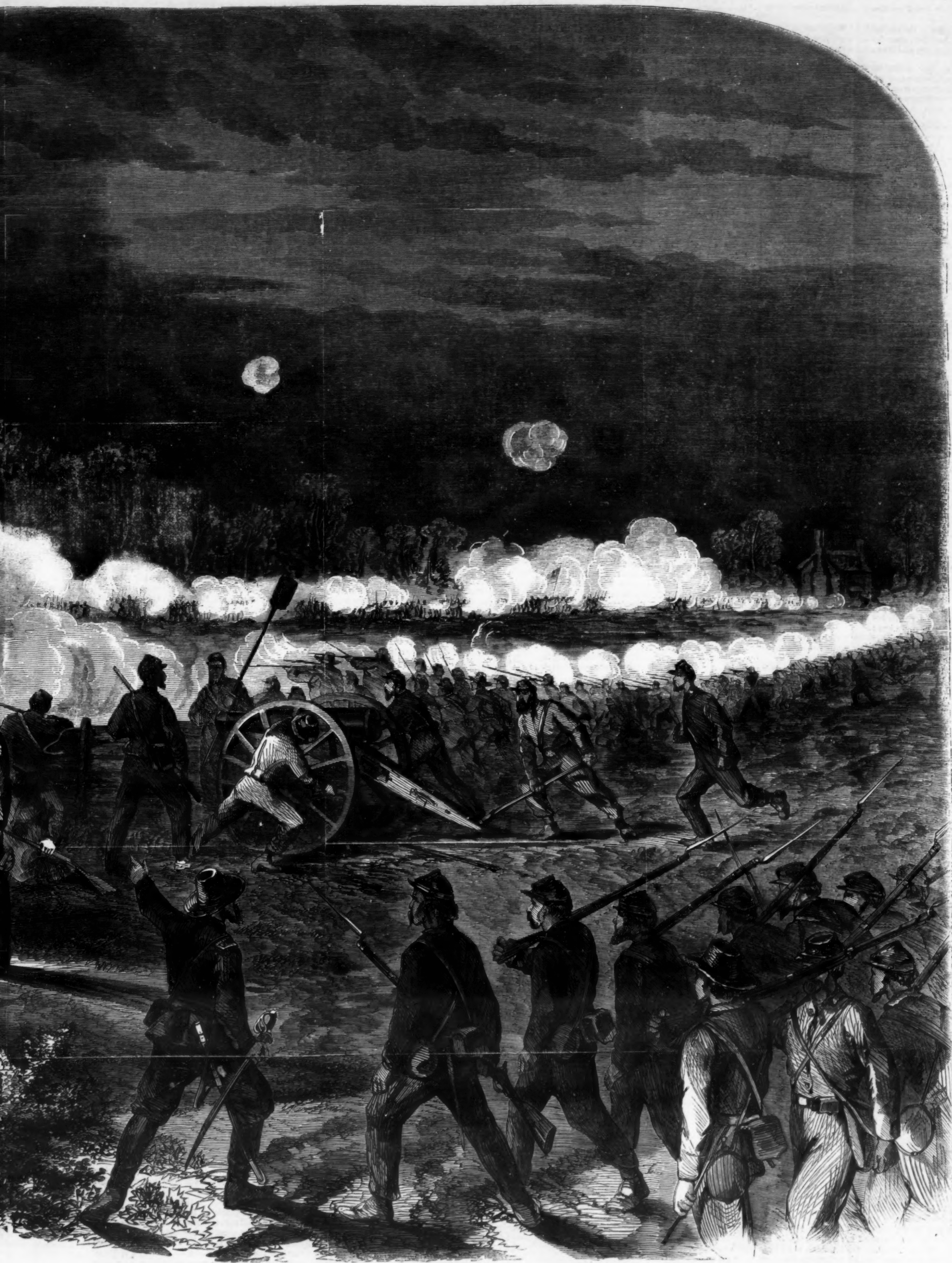
So far as we can learn all are dead except these seven, and of those some may have closed their pilgrimage already. Amaziah Goodwin, Alfred, Maine, 105; Adam Link, Annapolis, O., 102; Rev. Daniel Waldo, Syracuse, N. Y., 101; Wm. Hutchings, Penobscot, Me., 103; Alex. Marony, Gates, N. Y., 94; Samuel Downing, Edinburg, N. Y.; Lemuel Cook, Claremont, N. Y.

THE RAIN AND ITS CAUSE.—There are many who argue that wars bring rain in summer and snow-storms in winter, and the same cause is assigned for the recent heavy storms with which we have been visited. During the wars of Napoleon the attention of the French Academy of Sciences was called to the fact that a storm of rain or snow invariably followed a battle, especially if there was heavy cannonading. This is said to have been particularly case in the Russian campaign, which was followed by such snowstorms as never before were witnessed in the south of Europe. Some of the savants declared that rapid discharges of artillery and incessant volleys of musketry produced concussion in the air, and drove the clouds out of their course; while others went so far as to adopt the theory, since advocated by Prof. Espy, that the immense smoke of a battle was of itself sufficient to produce rain. There were sceptics, however, and when the war closed it remained a mooted question. It is a fact worthy of notice that all the prominent battles on the Potomac, especially the seven days' fight before Richmond, have been followed by storms, and that the present battles have been followed by the most severe storms is a fact known to all. It is usual to have showers in the middle of May, but long continued rains are not of the ordinary course of events at this season of the year. The subject is one worthy the attention of the meteorologist, as well as all others who take any interest in the phenomena of the weather.

ELASTICITY OF IRON.—A simple illustration will serve to show two facts connected with iron; the first is its elasticity, and the second the power exerted by pressure of the hand of any person. Make a hoop of one inch square bar-iron about the size of the brim of a man's hat. Let the inside of the hoop be made quite smooth and true. Such a hoop being examined, it would appear that the power even of a horse could in no way alter its shape or form, provided the strain be put to it fairly and equably. Now make a rod of iron of the thickness of a lead-pencil, that shall exactly fit the diameter of the inside of the hoop, so that, when placed in the hoop, it will not fall out, unless the hoop be altered in shape. If, acting in a similar way, we take a child's wooden hoop, with a stick across it in the centre, and then press it at the sides opposite to that of the cross-stick, the hoop will assume an oval shape, and, of course, the cross-stick will fall out. Just so does the iron hoop described act. When any one presses it the rod falls out, showing clearly the elasticity of the iron. The hoop will become oval-shaped with a very little pressure, not greater than that which can be exerted by a young girl.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—REPULSE OF LEE'S NIGHT ATTACK ON SMITH'S BRIGADE, HANCOCK



HANCOCK'S CORPS, FRIDAY, JUNE 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 231.

TO THE SWALLOW.

BY JOHN ANDREWS.

SWALLOW, cruel swallow! wherefore dost thou come
Glancing in the sunlight, by the gleaming river,
Year after year, unto thy northern home,
While youth and love are leaving us for ever?

Cruel swallow, calling up the memories
Of happy years, of what can never be,
Of friends departed, gone beyond the seas,
And fairy days of childhood I never more shall see!

And boyhood's happy hours, all bright and golden,
And love's young dream in halcyon days of yore,
Beside a gleaming river, in summer days of olden,
Like a band of early blossoms, gone for evermore!

Glancing in the sunlight, every springtime coming,
Thou must be some spirit set for ever free,
When the yellow bees are in the meadows humming,
And the golden sunlight floods the earth and sea.

Oh, joyous swallow! gliding on careless wing,
Happy as the summer hours gone for ever by,
Come not, come not back again with the gentle Spring;
Stay within thy southern home, beneath thy southern sky.

For youth and friends can never come again;
And love, if gone, 'tis gone, alas! for ever!
Call not up the memories thou canst not hurl to
to sleep,
Gliding in the sunlight by the gleaming river.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER XII.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as I would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Titus Andronicus, Act V., Sc. 1.

You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise
And the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathsomeness and obedience, at
Which end of the beam she'd bow.
Tempest, Act II., Sc. 1.

These mothers are too dreadful.
Aurora Leigh.

MARINA wandered about Brittany like one fleeing from the ever haunting presence of a spectre. Her mother's cruelty drove her to despair, and while at the height of her wild and reckless mood, Jacques Renvi crossed her path and employed every persuasion he could recall or invent to entrap her into complicity with his ruthless fraternity. But her constant reply was:

"No; your wickedness once seemed to possess a novelty and daring that charmed me, but it is stale to me now and palls upon my appetite."
"You look as melancholy as a sick brigand, and I would fain do something to rouse you, for you know I love you better than any other being in the world."

"You have a very flattering and terrible regard for me, Jacques, something like that entertained by a lion or tiger for the bespangled girl that enters his cage and displays his points to the spectators, an affection which generally ends in devouring its object. Even now you are much concerned lest I should become the prey of another."

Jacques laughed and said:
"You remind me of the mothers I have heard in their gushes of fondness for their darlings declare that they could eat them; a proof of affection your mother never showed for you."

"And you are kind to taunt me with her coldness. Alas! it is worse than that now, it is aversion. She not only refuses to acknowledge me, but even to allow me to cross her threshold."
"She refuses to acknowledge you or to let you into her house?"

"She does, and drives me from her with reproaches so bitter and unmerited as to make life seem a burden and disgrace to me."

"And why do you put up with such treatment? Why don't you revenge yourself?"

"Upon my mother? I forgot you were not human. No! Would she but acknowledge and receive me, I could forgive all and love her more devotedly than ever."

"She shall do it. I can do anything with her, for she's in my power. I can make her acknowledge half the foundlings in Bretagne if I chose. But what will you do for me, if I set you square with her? Won't you marry me for my trouble?"

"You! I'd rather die first!"
"You are complimentary. But I shall find a way to tame your obstinacy yet, if you love your mother half so well as you say you do. So I am to have no reward if I set you right with her?"

"I will give you a thousand francs for your pains."

"Are you so rich?"
"Tis all I have; but I will cheerfully bestow it upon you if you succeed."

The bargain was struck between the strange pair, and Marina returned to the residence of Madame Nitouche in the company of Jacques Renvi. Marina was received by her mother with a look of anger.

"Marina returned hither at my instance," remarked Jacques, impudently; "I knew you would be glad to see us both."

Madame Nitouche answered with forced politeness, and Marina could perceive at a glance that Jacques did not boast of his influence with her mother without reason. Both women were, however, very ill at ease, and he, perceiving their embarrassment, said:

"Madame, I have some business with you, and should like a little talk by ourselves."

"Certainly," replied the hostess, and she would have said "with pleasure," but the words died on her lips, and she turned very pale.

No sooner were Madame Nitouche and Jacques alone than the latter broke out with:

"I will not stand your treatment to little Marina. You know that I love the girl, and that is why you abuse her. But that's not my present business; I have come for money."

"I have already given you twice as much as I ever owed you."

"All you owe me? All you possess would not repay me for all I have done for you. Haven't I lost my immortal soul in your service? Consider the deeds I have done at your bidding, of which you have reaped the benefit. Let me recount a few of them."

"No, no!" interrupted Madame Nitouche. "Why should I listen to what I know too well already? Why do you persecute your fellow in crime? Why not act fairly, like a man, instead of harassing to death a lone and defenceless woman like me."

"If I do wrong you set the example. See how you persecute Marina, your true and affectionate child."

"She is no child of mine."

"Are you blind, woman? Why, she is as like you as your own girlhood; and when a more peculiar woman in appearance than yourself is on exhibition I will pay to see the show, whatever the price. Keep this story for simpletons, for you know that I know you better. You are jealous of the girl, no doubt, but do her justice, and I'll be liberal and take her off your hands."

"What do you mean?"

"That you shall own her to be your daughter, receive her as such, and give her to me in marriage."

"Do you love her?"

"Better than booty or than life itself."

"Does she love you?"

"Well—no—not to distraction."

"Not at all, you mean."

Her wonted faint color returned to the cheeks of Madame Nitouche, her eyes brightened, and a sarcastic smile perceptibly curled her lip as she continued:

"I cannot consent to sell my daughter, for such you will have her to be, for nothing. She was educated at great expense, and ought to have a rich husband. On other terms than marriage I could get a fortune for her."

"I have nothing now; but you shall have half the plunder of Uberto's cave when I sack it."

"Have you visited the spot?"

"I have, and doubt not to find all Marina told you about the old hermit's concealed treasures to be no exaggeration. Uberto has, however, the reputation of being a holy man, and looked to me so like the pictures I have seen of the adorable saints that I put off the plundering of his hoard till surer of its worth. His munificent charities have since proved to me its richness, and I have now no scruples."

"An arch-heretic is he!" exclaimed Madame N.; "and to pillage him or take his life would be a better deed than a forty days' penance and pilgrimage."

"Enough; I'll do it. What say you to my marriage with Marina on these terms?"

"I'll do my best to forward it. I pity the girl, however, for the first time, when I think of her marriage with you. I know what it is to be married to a man and hate him; it is miserable life in the body, death in the heart, and hell in the mind. The plain rack is a recreation to it. But this is your affair and hers. I will do what I can to oblige you."

"Say yes or no in the right place, that is all I ask."

Marina found herself suddenly established in her mother's house on a fair footing, was called daughter by her parent, and treated by her with consideration, if not affection. The grateful girl took the first opportunity to thank Jacques for his intercession and to beg his acceptance of one thousand francs.

"I neither want nor will accept any money from you, Marina; I want yourself."

"You want an impossibility, Jacques."

"There is no impossibility to a man like me, Marina, who dares everything and hesitates at nothing. Your mother is wholly in my power, and at my word she dies a shameful death—the death of a criminal. I can obtain pardon and rich reward—both have been offered—by betraying her, and nothing but my love for you, for I have not the slightest regard for her, has prevented me from giving her up to justice. Ask your mother, Pierre Massue, or anybody who knows me right well, if I ever broke an oath taken upon this dagger. Long ago I swore upon it to have you for my wife, and I will sacrifice Madame's life, yours, and perish myself, rather than fail to keep my word. By marrying me you save your mother's life; by refusing me, you sign her death-warrant. Again upon this hilt and this blade, too often crimsoned with her victim's blood, I swear to have you for my bride or your mother executed for murder."

It was with the bitterest scorn that Marina saw the villain salute his dagger, and replied:

"I do not believe one word you have said."

"Because every syllable I have spoken is true. When did I ever lie to you? You doubted my power over Madame; have I not proved it? Ask her if her life is not in my hands."

"I will this instant, villain."

Marina darted out of the room, and after searching through the house, found her mother kneeling before a crucifix. Her daughter waited till she rose.

"That wretch, Jacques Renvi, says your life is in his hands."

"He speaks the truth."

"He has sworn on his dagger to render you up to justice—"

"Me!" shrieked Madame Nitouche, turning

death's hue, and so nearly falling that she was only saved by her daughter's support.

"Oh, mother! mother! is it true? Alas! what shall I do?"

"Did he swear unconditionally that he would give me up?"

"No; but if I do not marry him."

Madame revived a little.

"And what did you reply?"

"I refused to credit a word he said, and came at once to you."

Madame Nitouche looked anxiously at her daughter; her breathing grew quick, her eager eyes began to glare, and she demanded in trembling accents:

"And now you know all, what do you intend, daughter?"

"Is there no safety but in this—this marriage, mother?"

"None, daughter. I have long been in fear of this man and his fatal knowledge. He has already extorted much money from me, and will now take my life if you do not disarm him by marrying him and making our interests almost identical."

"He, it seems, is implicated in the crimes of which he accuses you, and I cannot think he will endanger himself by betraying you."

"I know him too well to doubt him. He is an obstinate villain, fearless of death, and the oaths he swears upon his dagger's hilt are the only vows he never breaks. Besides, he can betray me and escape himself."

"Mother, I love you so much; only love me a little in return, and I will sacrifice myself cheerfully for your sake."

Madame Nitouche, overcome by the brave girl's magnanimity, caught her daughter in her arms, and kissed her fondly.

"You are a noble girl, Marina; my heart can resist you no longer, for you are a far better daughter than I deserve, and I must be a wretch indeed not to love you."

Marina wept for joy and sorrow, and returned her mother's caresses with fervent affection.

"Now must I encounter this villain whom henceforth I shall abhor worse than ever."

"Do not see Renvi again to-day, daughter; let me meet him. Wait till your present horror has passed off, ere you have another interview with him."

Marina retired to her chamber and gave way to the bitterness of spirit with which her heart was bursting. Her agony was intense and profound, and much aggravated by her remorse. It was a keen retaliation, and she felt it to the heart's core, that she who had played the jilt so often with the noble, the rich, the handsome and the good, should be snared like a bird by a common ruffian, whose touch to her seemed like leprous contamination. Marriage with him was too horrible to think of, and death itself seemed preferable. She threw herself upon the floor, wept till her tears seemed to scald her, beat her breast and lamented till morning. The love she bore Bertram still burned in her soul—a pure and holy passion—and had promised to redeem her from the evils of life she had contracted, but now was she plunged again, into the abyss of infamy and lost for ever. As the day broke, she exclaimed:

"Oh, God of light! God of love! Source of infinite mercy, save me from the embrace of this murderer, and I will be thine, wholly, holily and for ever."

The morrow came, and with it the ruffian, inflexible and impatient, and thirsting to enjoy the sacrifice. Jacques Renvi had been in a hurry with his priest and preparations, and when Marina saw how near the hour of self-immolation had approached, she threw herself at his feet.

"Jacques, have mercy on me! Why force me to marry you against my will? How can I love you if you force me? If you persist, I shall hate you, but if you allow me to escape now, I shall be so grateful that I may finally love you, and consent freely to our union. By all your hopes of heaven—"

"I have not one."

"By your dread of eternal punishment—"

"I laugh at the idea."

"By your father's memory—"

"He was hung for murder."

"By your mother's honor—"

"She was a wanton and traded in love."

"By France, the land we love—"

"I hate it, for 'tis its law that will judge and condemn me."

"By the God who made you—"

"He made a wretch, why should I thank him for the work?"

"Still you would rather have love than hate. You would not wed the woman who must ever abhor you?"

"Love is a stupid fiction, but hate is a living reality. Give me but honey enough, and I prefer hate—it is more piquant."

Marina, overpowered by the intensity of her conflicting emotions, scarcely heard the villain's last reply, for her senses failed her, and Madame Nitouche, who entered at this juncture, found her in a deep swoon.

"Jacques Renvi, what have you been doing to your victim?"

"I have overpersuaded her a little, but she will come to better temper. These scenes must be performed, I suppose, and the sooner we get through them the better. After the ceremony is over she will be quiet enough."

"What do you know about woman, Jacques? You understand how to torture and dispatch them, and that is about all. You are too violent and hasty to win their affection, and without that you might as well wed a deadly serpent than Marina. Besides, your hurry is unreasonable. I would not have my daughter wed a beggar, and you have not a sou. Where is the wealth you swore to obtain from Uberto's cave and divide with me, ere you claimed Marina's hand?"

"I see you intend to balk me."

"I see you are a fool and balk yourself. Redeem

your promise and you shall have Marina without these scenes which are of your own making. Have I not always abided by my agreement? You have hardly ever kept yours, but I'll make you stand by your last at the hazard of my life."

Marina, who had been gradually reviving under her mother's restorative treatment, caught enough of the interlocutor's meaning to understand that the secret of Uberto's cave had been betrayed to Jacques, and that her marriage was delayed till the robbery of her friend was consummated. The knowledge of this treachery renewed Marina's agitation, and her mother, fancying that the presence of her dreadful fiancé produced this effect, sent Jacques away, enjoining him not to return without the booty he had promised her.

The thoughts of those conspiring against Marina's peace were quick and keen, but hers were more rapid and piercing than theirs. Within an hour after the close of her exciting interview with her betrothed, she had recovered sufficiently to procure and dispatch a messenger to her venerable friend Uberto, in Savoy, with a message for him, containing these lines:

"DEAR AND VENERATED FATHER—You are betrayed to a robber who seeks your hermitage to despoil, and if you resist, to murder you. You will know him by the ruddy glare of his deep sunken eyes, the scar of a sabre cut on his forehead and his gigantic proportions. If you become his victim, I shall be his next, for he has destined to a worse fate than death,

Your devoted daughter,

MARINA."

Marina waited the return of her messenger, to whom she had promised a munificent reward, with feverish impatience. He performed the journey with almost unexampled speed, but yet to his expectant the few days of his absence appeared as intolerable as a weary age. At last his return, with an answer from the hermit, relieved her suspense. She tore open the note with the quickness of light, and read:

"Thanks to your warning, daughter. Come and behold the fate of my murderer's guest, or of—"
"UBERTO."

Marina set out for Savoy at once. In a few days she arrived at Uberto's cave, just as the sun was setting. She entered the rocky habitation in great anxiety and fear. All was silent and void inside, and her heart sank, chill and despairing, within her. At length she mustered courage to call. A strange echo replied like a response from the dead. She had just given up all for lost, when a door at the extremity of the cavern opened, and she beheld the hermit, pale, awful and majestic.

"Father!" she cried, rushing towards him.

"Stop! he shouted, pointing to a narrow abyss that suddenly opened between them, adding in thrilling tones, 'Beware of the murderer's fate!'"

She gazed down the murmuring chasm, and saw by the light of a torch the hermit held an object hanging on a projecting rock some fifty feet below. She failed to recognise it at first, but as her sight grew clearer it assumed to her the appearance of a mutilated corpse. A scarlet vest and a long red beard afforded her a clue which enabled her to identify the remains.

"It is Jacques Renvi!" she cried; "God have mercy upon his soul!"

"Amen!" responded the hermit. "Your messenger did not reach me an hour too soon, daughter, for this villain visited me the same evening that I received your warning. A storm was coming on, and he begged for shelter and food. I gave him both, and he pretended to sleep, but about midnight sprang lightly to his feet, rushed upon me and threatened instant death, unless I unlocked my hoard to him, and gave him all. I gave him the key of this door, which he unlocked and opened, beholding an array of riches which would have startled even an old Buccaneer. He felt back a step, and I sprang this trap, which precipitated him into the chasm beneath. As he fell he clutched at the jagged protuberances of the rock, and struck finally upon the sharp point from which he now hangs, and which it seems broke his back. I let down a rope to him, but he had neither the sense or strength left to grasp at it. I tried to lower myself to him, but found that I was too feeble to effect my purpose, and in the attempt narrowly escaped sharing his fate. In a few hours his moans subsided, soon all was silence, and his soul had fled to its eternal home."

"It was a horrible death!"

"Why did you not keep my secret, Marina? Behold the consequences of your betrayal!"

CHAPTER XIII.

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with fright.—*Poe.*

Rather let me see
Death, all than such a being.
Sardanapalus, Act IV., Sc. 1.

ELFSTONE'S beautiful statue, his "Lost Love," had, after a long delay, been brought from France to Ellingford Hall, England, and was taken to the sculptor's studio, where it was unpacked and afterwards raised by the artist and his friends.

The latter, especially St. Croix, feared that his trial would, in the frame of mind in which he was at the time, further unsettle his reason and endanger his sanity. These apprehensions proved to be only too well-founded, for he had gazed long on the statue ere his mind began to wander, and he to address the stone as a living and sentient being.

"Daughter," said he, "your fate is growing sad, like my own. We are both deserted. Instead of the love for which our souls are thirsting, we are compelled to drink the waters of bitterness till our hearts petrify. Where's Bertram, your gay gallant? He is too false and fair and fleeting. Why should the ruthless wanderer triumph in your long pining and heart slavery?"

"I will emulate the Roman father, and, though it break my heart, will release your spirit from its marble prison-house."

St. Croix, stood aghast, and knowing Elfstone

uncontrollable mood, was utterly at a loss what to do. While he was trying to devise some method by which to divert his friend's mind from the dangerous channel into which it was thrown, a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder, and upon turning his head he beheld Bertram Hapswell, smiling and happy.

"He is going to destroy the statue," said St. Croix.

"I care not; I have found the original."

"See how his eye is kindling with his old madness! What a fatal fire is beginning to burn in his soul! Is it not a shame to witness the destruction of so noble a work of art?"

"Nature excels it; but fear nothing."

While Elftone was looking round the room for some implements, Bertram took his place beside the statue, clasping it about the waist, and affecting to treat it with the tenderness of a beloved human being.

"Is that woman alive?" demanded a lady, thickly veiled, standing near St. Croix.

He smiled at the simplicity of the question, but did not reply, as Elftone was at the moment approaching the statue with an ancient partisan in his hand, and the gazers were held in breathless suspense. Bertram, without apparently heeding the sculptor, said:

"The 'Lost Love' is found, and her lover will shield her with his life."

The solemn earnestness of Bertram's tone, credible as the beating of the heart of sincerity, so wrought upon the destructive artist, that he threw away his weapon in an instant, and rushed into the arms of the speaker.

"I have done you injustice, forgive me!"

"Willingly, but never doubt me again."

"Never!"

Bertram, finding his old friend exhausted by his paroxysm, led him from the apartment, and after soothing him into tranquillity left him in charge of a servant, accustomed to tend and control him in his dangerous moods, and returned to the studio. He found St. Croix gazing at the veiled lady, and the lady with her eyes fixed upon the statue.

"Muta," he said, "you need conceal your face no longer. This is an old friend of your father's, who will be delighted to recognize you."

The young lady submissively lifted her veil, as St. Croix was presented to her. He was startled at the sight of the lovely countenance it revealed to him.

"What a marvellous resemblance," he exclaimed.

"Is it not perfect? Ah, Julien, I have heard you expatiate eloquently upon the recorded wonders of Providence, but never listened to one that transcended in strangeness the story of this little one's rescue from the frightful ogre who held her in captivity. Even you at first mocked the inspiration that impelled me to undertake her recovery, but yet I assure you I was not an hour, not a minute, too soon to save her from a fate infinitely worse than death. Your own eyes afford sufficient evidence to convince you that she is Muta Elftone, our old friend's only daughter, which can doubtless be legally proved, but it appears to me that her father has been too much excited to-day to endure with safety so thrilling a revelation as this will prove to him."

"You are right, Bertram. Is this young lady's mother living?"

"From what I can gather I infer that she died in America about twelve years ago."

"They took her away from me when I was very little," said a sweet and almost childlike voice, "but she often comes to me at night, when everything is very still."

The young man smiled upon the innocent, and exchanged glances.

"Let us cover up this Lost Love," said Bertram, "and adjourn with the Found one to the drawing-room, where you shall hear her story from her own lips."

Muta watched Bertram narrowly as he carefully shrouded the exquisite statue, and started as she saw him kiss its beautiful shoulder, little dreaming that its resemblance to hers provoked the salute.

The three young friends spent the evening together, Muta recounting in her simple way the story of her life, and picturing, as well as she could, the dreary years she had spent in the society of Gregory Grimgrip and Espeth; his deaf and dumb housekeeper.

When her tale was told and sufficiently commented upon, St. Croix inquired:

"How old is this Gregory Grimgrip?"

"There is no telling," said Bertram; "he is so ugly that his age does not show."

"He must be more than fifty."

"Or than sixty, perhaps; but he appears to be full of life and energy, and had not the burglars taken him by surprise, he would have rendered a fatal account of some of them. As it was, he almost brought his pistol to bear on me, and proved as much as three strong men and two women could manage. The disappearance of his intended bride must perplex him sadly."

"If he lacks youth and beauty, he does not want assurance."

"You might well say so, if you could conceive what a hideous old creature it is. In aspiring to the hand of the heiress of Ellingford, he has evinced an audacity truly Satanic."

"Do you think he would have advanced her claim to the estate?"

"Doubtless; after Elftone's death. He is very rich himself, and possessed of demoniacal cunning as well as effrontery. He was, however, recently preparing to make a voyage to Australia or some other distant land, where he would probably have remained in obscurity till he received the news of Elftone's decease, when he would have returned to England and come boldly forward with Muta as his wife and the heiress of Ellingford. Command me to Master Gregory Grimgrip for a deep, daring and unconscionable schemer."

You excite in me a curiosity to behold the monster."

I will show him to you, if you will accompany me to Liverpool next week, where I have to meet him to render the Court due explanation relative to the part I have taken in this business."

"Don't go near him!" besought Muta. "He will pay somebody to kill you."

"Is he in the habit of doing that sort of thing?"

"Don't you remember I told you that, after the young man you tell me was your brother saw me on the stairs, I heard Gregory—he always made me call him so—I heard Gregory promise a thousand dollars to a big, rough fellow, if Mr. Kingsland happened to die within the next fortnight. I could not make out what he meant for a long time, but since I have learned it I have been more afraid of him than ever."

"His experience with Victor is not calculated to encourage him to renew such attempts, even if this were a country affording impunity to assassins and their suborners. I have not the slightest apprehension of personal violence from Mr. Grimgrip. He will seek revenge of me by other means, and is, no doubt, already concocting plots against my peace."

Bertram was now sent for by Mordaunt Elftone, and the three friends separated, Muta being delivered into the care of the buxom housekeeper, who nearly fainted at the sight of her.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Barton?" demanded Bertram.

"Oh, Mr. Hapswell! who is this—this young lady?"

"Whom do you think she is?"

"She frightened me so—I thought first she was my missis come to life again, but if her daughter be living, this is she."

"You have guessed aright, Mrs. Barton, but you must keep our secret till to-morrow, for it is not yet ripe for disclosure."

The old lady was now dissolved in tears of joy, and in her transports unable to restrain her impulse to embrace and kiss her young mistress, whom she had nursed when an infant. Muta, whose nature seemed full of affection, returned her caresses with warmth, and wept with her, she knew not why.

Bertram left them together and sought the presence of his afflicted and venerated friend. He found him comparatively calm and apparently sane in every point save Bertram's marriage with his daughter, as he now called his statue, which would, he said, if it took place on the morrow, have a very tranquillizing restorative effect upon his mind. Bertram could not refuse compliance with his friend's wishes, albeit he dreaded the consequences, and resolved to keep the romantic mummery so close that none of Elftone's vigilant relations should ever hear of it. He left his prospective father-in-law in a state of high contentment, and retired himself to dream of Muta and the statue, sometimes fancying that both were alive, and at others that both were marble. At last he thought that both were threatened with destruction by the demented author of their being. As he saw the old man rushing at them with his long-rusty partisan, he felt himself turning into stone and unable to stir to the rescue. A terrible blow was descending upon the brow of Muta when his agony awoke him.

He had not been awake but a few seconds ere he heard a heavy fall and crash over his head in Elftone's studio, which caused him to leap from his bed, thrust himself into his dressing-gown and slippers, and run up into the room from which the sounds proceeded. All seemed quiet therein, and the ghostly light of the moon slept tranquilly on the floor. The old sculptor was not in the apartment, and the curtains that shrouded the statue appeared not to have been disturbed. Our hero retired quietly and shut the door softly, and was about to descend the stairs when he paused for a moment and pondered on the strangeness and distinctness of the sounds he had heard, and turned back to make assurance doubly sure. Suddenly and noiselessly he re-entered the studio, and saw, or thought he saw, by the light of the moon which fell upon it, the marble head of the statue thrust out from between the curtains and gazing at him with a frightened and fascinated look. There was no mistaking the beauty of that marble face, and strange thoughts chased one another like lightning through his brain as he stood there spell-bound. An awful sense of the supernatural froze his blood and chilled his heart, and as the apparition gradually withdrew, and the curtains fell, hiding it from view, Bertram sank senseless upon the floor. When consciousness came back to him he found himself lying in his bed, and after some minutes' wonderment concluded that he had had a very vivid, strange and painful dream, and lay awake nearly an hour thinking about it. At last he sank again into a sleep, from which he did not awake till late the next morning.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—A natural curiosity, which completely puzzles naturalists and geologists, is now in possession of Isaac S. Joseph, the wholesale jeweller, on Washington street, San Francisco. It is an irregular hexagonal quartz crystal, about one inch in diameter and two inches in length, pointed at one end, and broken squarely off at the base. Within the body of the crystal, rising from the base like a miniature mountain, and occupying about half the entire length of the stone, is a mass of beautifully crystallized gold, silver and copper, each metal distinctly defined, and all embedded in the stone, which is as clear as glass, in exactly the style of the flowers and other objects in a glass paperweight. This curious specimen of the handiwork of nature, when in an eccentric tone of mind, was found by a miner at Gold Gulch, Calaveras county, some four years ago, and has been carried round in his pocket ever since, until some two months ago, when it was purchased by the superintendent of a copper mine, and sent to the present possessor as a curiosity. Geologists who have examined it declare that nothing of the kind has ever been seen or heard of before, and are utterly at a loss to account for its formation.

A LADY asked a pupil at a national school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

POINT BLANK.

You complain that I am narrow,
Going straightly to my aim:
Will you quarrel with the arrow
For the same?

Many a bitter word hast thou:
"Pedant," "bigot." Keep thy blame
While that sword, and nail, and plough
Are the same.

I would cleave my world-path cleanly
With an axe, a razor's edge;
Drive my truth through, not more meanly
Than a wedge.

Far is wide, though force is narrow:
Look straight to thy aim!
Crystal, bud, and flame, and arrow,
Are the same.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Pincushions.

WHEN feminine human nature wants to bestow a gift, and is uncertain as to what its nature should be, it always pitches upon a pincushion. When it is asked suddenly what it will contribute to any benevolent object, it at once says: "A dozen pincushions." When it has nothing to do with its fingers, it makes a pincushion. Millions of these cushions have been bought for the sake of the heathen—for the sake of young ministers about to be dispatched on missions, lately millions more for the soldiers.

The cushions manufactured for their good would, stitched together, make comfortable mattresses for the whole army, and leave some over for pillows.

Very industrious, certainly. But, alas! not original. Persons go to Fairs, gaze about them, remember with a groan the closets full of pincushions at home, and go away without investing. Young men are stuffed, so to speak, with pincushions—maams, sisters, maiden aunts and young lady friends bestow them in showers. Old gentlemen are in the same condition—the ladies can make them for themselves—and we would respectfully suggest to the managers of the next fancy Fair, that with an eye to fair returns they publish this announcement: "All contributions thankfully received, except pincushions."

Girls' Friendship.

It is all very well, very charming, very touching, very everything superlative for a long, long while, perhaps. Araminta and Angelina are very like "twin cherries." They sit upon one cushion, and work one flower upon one sampler. They buy their bonnets of one milliner, and wear dresses "just alike." Living two or three blocks apart, they keep messengers going to and fro with little scented billets all day long, exchange rings, kisses, etc., etc. All is perfect—there is no flaw in their love until some day, or evening, they discover a cloud upon the horizon in the shape of an admirer. From that moment rain is threatened—pretty soon it storms. That young gentleman waltzes with Araminta, and Angelina pouts. He sings duets with Angelina, and Araminta wonders at it. Next day Araminta sends for "the pattern of the peasant's bodice," and Angelina, "with her compliments," "would like that book returned." Jealousy has entered in. Rival belles never practise Siamesetwin needlework, one sampler, one rose, one cushion, etc. At the end of three months the once boasted friendship is a dream, and Miss Angelina has only "a bowing acquaintance with Miss Araminta."

Run-Over.

Pray, can any one tell us what the policemen stand at the corners of Broadway for? There are enough of them, one would think, if they are placed there for the purpose of protecting persons who cross the street and become entangled in the whirlpool of wheels and horses' hoofs, from being run over, to effect their object. Yet, despite their presence, accidents happen every day, and as usual nobody is to blame.

A few weeks since, the young mother of three small children was killed almost under the eyes of one of these military-looking sentinels, who probably considered himself rather ornamental than useful, and as you or I may meet the same fate any day, for all the care that is taken of us, it sets us thinking. If the first policeman who allowed any one run-over on his corner were sent—(well, say to the seat of war), in company with the driver who was looking over his shoulder when he crushed his victim, as drivers generally are, we fancy fewer accidents would occur; and meanwhile, give this piece of advice to ladies, young and old—put no faith in the tall policeman who pretends to protect you across Broadway.

The Children in the Country.

Children at least enjoy the country thoroughly. Papa may find it too far from the grand emporium of cigars and exhilarating beverages—the club, the theatre, &c. Mama may miss her milliner, her shop-excursions down Broadway, and her dearest friend, who knows all the scandal. Miss Rosabella may sigh for society, and wonder how any one can like the country. But the children have no such doubts, no such regrets. They laugh in very glee at every sunrise; there is so much to do in that "lee lang simmer day."

Out in the mould picking "such beautiful flowers"—dandelions and daisies, probably.

Digging with toy spades little gardens, in which flowers, without roots, are planted, making rivers and canals, sailing boats on small pools, enthusiastically called "lakes," climbing trees, discovering such "cunning little mice," or "darling squirrels," laying plots and plans to entrap all the birds, and take them in cages to the city; eating all sorts of berries without being poisoned; chewing sour sorrell; losing themselves, and being found asleep, and not the least frightened; coming in at meal times to eat such piles of bread and butter and fruit, which the good farmer's wife asserts to be "the way of growing young uns," and you, remembering the sickly city appetites of the nursery at home, qualify with "in the country." And doing all with a gusto which sets pa to wondering "How it would do now to buy a place up here," and mama to planning a house with spare bedrooms, and visits from Miss Johnson.

The country, the real genuine country, is the place for children all summer.

Lackadaisical.

What an odd word that is to look at, and how well it expresses its meaning, queer old-fashioned thing!

Did you ever see a lackadaisical woman, some one rejoicing in the fact of untold miseries, grieves that cannot be uttered, &c.? She never had any real trouble; solid grief makes people cold and harsh and sad, but not lackadaisical; the lackadaisical girl wants a shaking.

a good shaking by the shoulders, nothing else; she is frequently set up in business on very small stock.

Some young man, for who she never cared, having married some one else after asking her to dance with him twice, is enough. Blighted hopes, broken heart, &c., are the consequences, and until she dies, married or single, the lackadaisical lady glides about with her head on one side, alluding vaguely to the "woes of her youth," and astonishing strangers by floods of tears.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE Phrenological Journal, we perceive, begins a new volume. Fowler & Wells, the publishers, are too well-known and their journal too firmly established to require more than the most passing allusion to it. The public has given a verdict in its favor long since.

We have received from Mr. B. W. Hitchcock, 14 Chambers street, "The Illustrated National Hand-book," a complete compendium of the political history of the country from the original formation of the Government to the present time, a work of general usefulness that no one can fail to appreciate. It is just such a summary of useful information as every one needs for reference. It seems to be prepared with judgment and accuracy.

"The Army and Navy Handbook," by the same house, is a full and complete guide to the soldier or marine in all matters pertaining to his duties, his obligations and his rights; and just what to do to obtain his rights without the aid of outside assistance, thereby saving much annoyance, time and money. The work also contains everything of interest to the soldier or marine connected with the War and Navy Departments, together with a full and complete historical record of events connected with the war for the Union.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By the Author of "Cud-Jo's Cave." Boston: Tilton.

Mr. Trowbridge has won an enviable position among American novelists, and sustains his reputation in this work. The characters are well drawn; but we will not, we trust, be considered captious in expressing the wish that he had given a few more really superior in stamp. The heroine is what heroines must be, perfection, or nearly that, of course; but the rest are too much below her. The mystery attendant on her is well managed, indeed the solution would scarcely occur till nearly the close of the volume.

THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY. Vol. II., No. 1. New York: T. B. Leggett & Co.

We have so recently called attention to this work and its merit that we need not here enlarge. We can only express our satisfaction to see its new volume opening so auspiciously. The number opens with the gallant Gen. McPherson, and closes with Col. Cross, 5th New Hampshire, who not long since fell in battle, thus closing a gallant life.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH IN JAVA.

THE destructive agency of carbonic acid gas on animal life is well exemplified in certain places where large quantities are evolved from the earth. The most striking instance, however, is the celebrated valley of Java, which, if an animal enters he never leaves. The following interesting account is given by the eye witness:

We took with us two dogs and some fowls to try experiments in this prisoner's hollow. On arriving at the foot of the mountain we dismounted and scrambled up the side about a quarter of a mile, holding on by the branches of the trees. When within a few yards of the valley we experienced a strong nauseous, suffocating smell, but on coming close to the edge this disagreeable odor left us. The valley appeared to be about half a mile in circumference; the depth from 30 to 35 feet, and the whole covered with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deers, peacocks, and all sorts of birds. We could not perceive any vapor or any opening in the ground, which last appeared to us to be of a hard sandy substance.

It was now proposed by one of the party to enter the valley, but at the spot where we were this was difficult, at least for me, as one false step would have brought us to eternity. Seeing no assistance of a bamboo, we went down within 18 feet of the bottom. Here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but an offensive, nauseous smell annoyed us. We now fastened a dog to the end of a bamboo, 18 feet long, and sent him in. We had our watches in our hands, and in 14 seconds he fell on his back; he did not move his limbs or look round, but continued to breathe a few minutes. We then sent another, or rather he got loose and walked in to where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still, and in 10 seconds fell on his face, and never afterwards moved his limbs; he continued to breathe seven minutes. We now tried a fowl, which died in a minute and a half. We threw in another, which died before reaching the ground.

During these experiments we experienced a heavy shower of rain, but were so interested by the awful sight before us that we did not care for getting wet. On the opposite side, near a large stone, was the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back, with his right hand under his head. From being exposed to the weather the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to procure this skeleton, but an attempt to get it would have been madness.

HOUSEHOLD KNOWLEDGE.—Windows are kept free from ice by painting the glass with alcohol with a brush or sponge.

Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., are prevented by throwing red pepper-pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot.

A cement, which is a good protection against weather, water and fire to a certain extent, is made by mixing a gallon of water with two gallons of brine, then stir in two and a half pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of common salt. Put it on with a brush like paint.

Put potatoes of equal size into water while boiling; when done, pour off the water, scatter in some salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for five minutes, when they are ready for the table; even watery potatoes are thus made meaty.

Common cut nails are easily driven into hard wood if rubbed with a little soft soap; saliva is better than nothing for that purpose.

The best way to cook a potato is to bake or roast it in an oven; when done, crack the skins open and allow them to dry out for a few minutes before placing them on the table.

To avoid family quarrels, let the quarrelling wretch have it all to himself; reply never a word.

To make cider vinegar, take the water in which dried apples have been soaked and washed, strain it well, and add a pound of sugar.

For French rolls, add two ounces of butter and a little salt to a pint of boiled milk; while tepid, stir in one pound of flour, one beaten egg, one tablespoon of yeast; beat these altogether well; when risen, form the rolls with as little handling as possible; bake on tin.

OZONIZED WATER is now used for drinking and the toilette. It is advertised in London in the following style: "Its use is attended by a sensation which has been aptly described as 'the perfume of purity.' Being perfectly innocuous and tasteless, a few drops make a most refreshing and invigorating addition to the tumbler of plain drinking or soda water, from which they remove all trace of soluble organic matter—a fact of infinite importance to the voyager or the invalid. When employed for the toilet, bath, &c., it removes from the mouth all impure and foreign tastes and odors, whether arising from natural or artificial causes, such as the practice of smoking, and counteracts the irritation and morbid effects of carious teeth. It purifies and softens the skin, and tends to promote a healthy state of the whole body, by removing all secretions, and restoring a wholesome condition."

TO THE SWALLOW.

BY JOHN ANDREWS.

SWALLOW, cruel swallow! wherefore dost thou come
Glancing in the sunlight, by the gleaming river,
Year after year, unto thy northern home,
While youth and love are leaving us for ever?

Cruel swallow, calling up the memories
Of happy years, of what can never be,
Of friends departed, gone beyond the seas,
And fairy days of childhood I never more shall see!

And boyhood's happy hours, all bright and golden,
And love's young dream in halcyon days of yore,
Beside a gleaming river, in summer days of olden,
Like a band of early blossoms, gone for evermore!

Glancing in the sunlight, every springtime coming,
Thou must be some spirit set for ever free,
When the yellow bees are in the meadows humming,
And the golden sunlight floods the earth and sea.

Oh, joyous swallow! gliding on careless wing,
Happy as the summer hours gone for ever by,
Come not, come not back again with the gentle Spring;
Stay within thy southern home, beneath thy southern sky.

For youth and friends can never come again;
And love, if gone, 'tis gone, alas! for ever!
Call not up the memories thou canst not lull to sleep,
Gliding in the sunlight by the gleaming river.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY E. W.

CHAPTER XII.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as I would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Titus Andronicus, Act V., Sc. 1.

You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise
And the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathsomeness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.
Tempest, Act II., Sc. 1.

These mothers are too dreadful.
Aurora Leigh.

MARINA wandered about Brittany like one fleeing from the ever haunting presence of a spectre. Her mother's cruelty drove her to despair, and while at the height of her wild and reckless mood, Jacques Renvi crossed her path and employed every persuasion he could recall or invent to entrap her into complicity with his ruthless fraternity. But her constant reply was:

"No; your wickedness once seemed to possess a novelty and daring that charmed me, but it is stale to me now and pall upon my appetite."
"You look as melancholy as a sick brigand, and I would fain do something to rouse you, for you know I love you better than any other being in the world."

"You have a very flattering and terrible regard for me, Jacques, something like that entertained by a lion or tiger for the bespangled girl that enters his cage and displays his points to the spectators, an affection which generally ends in devouring its object. Even now you are much concerned lest I should become the prey of another."

Jacques laughed and said:
"You remind me of the mothers I have heard in their guashes of fondness for their darlings declare that they could eat them; a proof of affection your mother never showed for you."

"And you are kind to taunt me with her coldness. Alas! it is worse than that now, it is aversion. She not only refuses to acknowledge me, but even to allow me to cross her threshold."
"She refuses to acknowledge you or to let you into her house?"

"She does, and drives me from her with reproaches so bitter and unmerited as to make life seem a burden and disgrace to me."

"And why do you put up with such treatment? Why don't you revenge yourself?"

"Upon my mother? I forgot you were not human. No! Would she but acknowledge and receive me, I could forgive all and love her more devotedly than ever."

"She shall do it. I can do anything with her, for she's in my power. I can make her acknowledge half the foundlings in Bretagne if I chose. But what will you do for me, if I set you square with her? Won't you marry me for my trouble?"
"You! I'd rather die first!"

"You are complimentary. But I shall find a way to tame your obstinacy yet, if you love your mother half so well as you say you do. So I am to have no reward if I set you right with her?"

"I will give you a thousand francs for your pains."

"Are you so rich?"
"Tis all I have; but I will cheerfully bestow it upon you if you succeed."

The bargain was struck between the strange pair, and Marina returned to the residence of Madame Nitouche in the company of Jacques Renvi. Marina was received by her mother with a look of anger.

"Marina returned hither at my instance," remarked Jacques, impudently; "I knew you would be glad to see us both."

Madame Nitouche answered with forced politeness, and Marina could perceive at a glance that Jacques did not boast of his influence with her mother without reason. Both women were, however, very ill at ease, and he, perceiving their embarrassment, said:

"Madame, I have some business with you, and should like a little talk by ourselves."

"Certainly," replied the hostess, and she would have said "with pleasure," but the words died on her lips, and she turned very pale.

No sooner were Madame Nitouche and Jacques alone than the latter broke out with:

"I will not stand your treatment to little Marina. You know that I love the girl, and that is why you abuse her. But that's not my present business; I have come for money."

"I have already given you twice as much as I ever owed you."

"All you owe me? All you possess would not repay me for all I have done for you. Haven't I lost my immortal soul in your service? Consider the deeds I have done at your bidding, of which you have reaped the benefit. Let me recount a few of them."

"No, no!" interrupted Madame Nitouche. "Why should I listen to what I know too well already? Why do you persecute your fellow in crime? Why not act fairly, like a man, instead of harassing to death a lone and defenceless woman like me."

"If I do wrong you set the example. See how you persecute Marina, your true and affectionate child."

"She is no child of mine."

"Are you blind, woman? Why, she is as like you as your own girlhood; and when a more peculiar woman in appearance than yourself is on exhibition I will pay to see the show, whatever the price. Keep this story for simpletons, for you know that I know you better. You are jealous of the girl, no doubt, but do her justice, and I'll be liberal and take her off your hands."

"What do you mean?"

"That you shall own her to be your daughter, receive her as such, and give her to me in marriage."

"Do you love her?"

"Better than booty or than life itself."

"Does she love you?"

"Well—no—not to distraction."

"Not at all, you mean."

Her wonted faint color returned to the cheeks of Madame Nitouche, her eyes brightened, and a sarcastic smile perceptibly curled her lip as she continued:

"I cannot consent to sell my daughter, for such you will have her to be, for nothing. She was educated at great expense, and ought to have a rich husband. On other terms than marriage I could get a fortune for her."

"I have nothing now; but you shall have half the plunder of Uberto's cave when I sack it."

"Have you visited the spot?"

"I have, and doubt not to find all Marina told you about the old hermit's concealed treasures to be no exaggeration. Uberto has, however, the reputation of being a holy man, and looked to me so like the pictures I have seen of the adorable saints that I put off the plundering of his hoard till surer of its worth. His munificent charities have since proved to me its richness, and I have now no scruples."

"An arch-heretic is he!" exclaimed Madame N.; "and to pillage him or take his life would be a better deed than a forty days' penance and pilgrimage."

"Enough; I'll do it. What say you to my marriage with Marina on these terms?"

"I'll do my best to forward it. I pity the girl, however, for the first time, when I think of her marriage with you. I know what it is to be married to a man and hate him; it is miserable life in the body, death in the heart, and hell in the mind. The plain rack is a recreation to it. But this is your affair and hers. I will do what I can to oblige you."

"Say yes or no in the right place, that is all I ask."

Marina found herself suddenly established in her mother's house on a fair footing, was called daughter by her parent, and treated by her with consideration, if not affection. The grateful girl took the first opportunity to thank Jacques for his intercession and to beg his acceptance of one thousand francs.

"I neither want nor will accept any money from you, Marina; I want yourself."

"You want an impossibility, Jacques."

"There is no impossibility to a man like me, Marina, who dares everything and hesitates at nothing. Your mother is wholly in my power, and at my word she dies a shameful death—the death of a criminal. I can obtain pardon and rich reward—both have been offered—by betraying her, and nothing but my love for you, for I have not the slightest regard for her, has prevented me from giving her up to justice. Ask your mother, Pierre Masseus, or anybody who knows me right well, if I ever broke an oath taken upon this dagger. Long ago I swore upon it to have you for my wife, and I will sacrifice Madame's life, yours, and perish myself, rather than fail to keep my word. By marrying me you save your mother's life; by refusing me, you sign her death-warrant. Again upon this hilt and this blade, too often crimsoned with her victim's blood, I swear to have you for my bride or your mother executed for murder."

It was with the bitterest scorn that Marina saw the villain salute his dagger, and replied:

"I do not believe one word you have said."

"Because every syllable I have spoken is true. When did I ever lie to you? You doubted my power over Madame; have I not proved it? Ask her if her life is not in my hands."

"I will this instant, villain."

Marina darted out of the room, and after searching through the house, found her mother kneeling before a crucifix. Her daughter waited till she rose.

"That wretch, Jacques Renvi, says your life is in his hands."

"He speaks the truth."

"He has sworn on his dagger to render you up to justice—"

"Me!" shrieked Madame Nitouche, turning

death's hue, and so nearly falling that she was only saved by her daughter's support.

"Oh, mother! mother! is it true? Alas! what shall I do?"

"Did he swear unconditionally that he would give me up?"

"No; but if I do not marry him."

Madame revived a little.

"And what did you reply?"

"I refused to credit a word he said, and came at once to you."

Madame Nitouche looked anxiously at her daughter; her breathing grew quick, her eager eyes began to glare, and she demanded in trembling accents:

"And now you know all, what do you intend, daughter?"

"Is there no safety but in this—this marriage, mother?"

"None, daughter. I have long been in fear of this man and his fatal knowledge. He has already extorted much money from me, and will now take my life if you do not disarm him by marrying him and making our interests almost identical."

"He, it seems, is implicated in the crimes of which he accuses you, and I cannot think he will endanger himself by betraying you."

"I know him too well to doubt him. He is an obstinate villain, fearless of death, and the oaths he swears upon his dagger's hilt are the only vows he never breaks. Besides, he can betray me and escape himself."

"Mother, I love you so much; only love me a little in return, and I will sacrifice myself cheerfully for your sake."

Madame Nitouche, overcome by the brave girl's magnanimity, caught her daughter in her arms, and kissed her fondly.

"You are a noble girl, Marina; my heart can resist you no longer, for you are a far better daughter than I deserve, and I must be a wretch indeed not to love you."

Marina wept for joy and sorrow, and returned her mother's caresses with fervent affection.

"Now must I encounter this villain whom henceforth I shall abhor worse than ever."

"Do not see Renvi again to-day, daughter; let me meet him. Wait till your present horror has passed off, ere you have another interview with him."

Marina retired to her chamber and gave way to the bitterness of spirit with which her heart was bursting. Her agony was intense and profound, and much aggravated by her remorse. It was a keen retaliation, and she felt it to the heart's core, that she who had played the jilt so often with the noble, the rich, the handsome and the good, should be snared like a bird by a common ruffian, whose touch to her seemed like leprous contamination. Marriage with him was too horrible to think of, and death itself seemed preferable. She threw herself upon the floor, wept till her tears seemed to scald her, beat her breast and lamented till morning. The love she bore Bertram still burned in her soul—a pure and holy passion—and had promised to redeem her from the evils of life she had contracted, but now was she plunged again into the abyss of infamy and lost for ever. As the day broke, she exclaimed:

"Oh, God of light! God of love! Source of infinite mercy, save me from the embrace of this murderer, and I will be thine, wholly, holly and for ever."

The morrow came, and with it the ruffian, inflexible and impatient, and thirsting to enjoy the sacrifice. Jacques Renvi had been in a hurry with his priest and preparations, and when Marina saw how near the hour of self-immolation had approached, she threw herself at his feet.

"Jacques, have mercy on me! Why force me to marry you against my will? How can I love you if you force me? If you persist, I shall hate you, but if you allow me to escape now, I shall be so grateful that I may finally love you, and consent freely to our union. By all your hopes of heaven—"

"I have not one."

"By your dread of eternal punishment—"

"I laugh at the idea."

"By your father's memory—"

"He was hung for murder."

"By your mother's honor—"

"She was a wanton and traded in love."

"By France, the land we love—"

"I hate it, for 'tis its law that will judge and condemn me."

"By the God who made you—"

"He made a wretch, why should I thank him for the work?"

"Still you would rather have love than hate. You would not wed the woman who must ever abhor you?"

"Love is a stupid fiction, but hate is a living reality. Give me but beauty enough, and I prefer hate—it is more piquant."

Marina, overpowered by the intensity of her conflicting emotions, scarcely heard the villain's last reply, for her senses failed her, and Madame Nitouche, who entered at this juncture, found her in a deep swoon.

"Jacques Renvi, what have you been doing to your victim?"

"I have overpersuaded her a little, but she will come to better temper. These scenes must be performed, I suppose, and the sooner we get through them the better. After the ceremony is over she will be quiet enough."

"What do you know about woman, Jacques? You understand how to torture and dispatch them, and that is about all. You are too violent and hasty to win their affection, and without that you might as well wed a deadly serpent than Marina. Besides, your hurry is unreasonable. I would not have my daughter wed a beggar, and you have not a sou. Where is the wealth you swore to obtain from Uberto's cave and divide with me, ere you claimed Marina's hand?"

"I see you intend to balk me."

"I see you are a fool and balk yourself. Redeem

your promise and you shall have Marina without these scenes which are of your own making. Have I not always abided by my agreement? You have hardly ever kept yours, but I'll make you stand by your last at the hazard of my life."

Marina, who had been gradually reviving under her mother's restorative treatment, caught enough of the interlocutor's meaning to understand that the secret of Uberto's cave had been betrayed to Jacques, and that her marriage was delayed till the robbery of her friend was consummated. The knowledge of this treachery renewed Marina's agitation, and her mother, fancying that the presence of her dreadful fiancé produced this effect, sent Jacques away, enjoining him not to return without the booty he had promised her.

The thoughts of those conspiring against Marina's peace were quick and keen, but hers were more rapid and piercing than theirs. Within an hour after the close of her exciting interview with her betrothed, she had recovered sufficiently to procure and dispatch a messenger to her venerable friend Uberto, in Savoy, with a missive for him, containing these lines:

"DEAR AND VENERATED FATHER—You are betrayed to a robber who seeks your hermitage to despoil, and if you resist, to murder you. You will know him by the ruddy glare of his deep sunken eyes, the scar of a sabre cut on his forehead and his gigantic proportions. If you become his victim, I shall be his next, for he has destined to a worse fate than death."

Your devoted daughter,
MARINA.

Marina waited the return of her messenger, to whom she had promised a munificent reward, with feverish impatience. He performed the journey with almost unexampled speed, but yet to his expectant the few days of his absence appeared as intolerable as a weary age. At last his return, with an answer from the hermit, relieved her suspense. She tore open the note with the quickness of light, and read:

"Thanks to your warning, daughter. Come and behold the fate of my murderer's guest, or of—"
"UBERTO."

Marina set out for Savoy at once. In a few days she arrived at Uberto's cave, just as the sun was setting. She entered the rocky habitation in great anxiety and fear. All was silent: no void inside, and her heart sank, chill and despairing, within her. At length she mustered courage to call. A strange echo replied like a response from the dead. She had just given up all for lost, when a door at the extremity of the cavern opened, and she beheld the hermit, pale, awful and majestic.

"Father!" she cried, rushing towards him.

"Stop!" he shouted, pointing to a narrow abyss that suddenly opened between them, adding in thrilling tones, "Beware of the murderer's fate!"

She gazed down the murmuring chasm, and saw by the light of a torch the hermit held an object hanging on a projecting rock some fifty feet below. She failed to recognise it at first, but as her sight grew clearer it assumed to her the appearance of a mutilated corpse. A scarlet vest and a long red beard afforded her a clue which enabled her to identify the remains.

"It is Jacques Renvi!" she cried; "God have mercy upon his soul!"

"Amen!" responded the hermit. "Your messenger did not reach me an hour too soon, daughter, for this villain visited me the same evening that I received your warning. A storm was coming on, and he begged for shelter and food. I gave him both, and he pretended to sleep, but about midnight sprang lightly to his feet, rushed upon me and threatened instant death, unless I unlocked my hoard to him, and gave him all. I gave him the key of this door, which he unlocked and opened, beholding an array of riches which would have startled even an old Buccaneer. He felt back a step, and I sprang this trap, which precipitated him into the chasm beneath. As he fell he clutched at the jagged protruberances of the rock, and struck finally upon the sharp point from which he now hangs, and which it seems broke his back. I let down a rope to him, but he had neither the sense or strength left to grasp at it. I tried to lower myself to him, but found that I was too feeble to effect my purpose, and in the attempt narrowly escaped sharing his fate. In a few hours his moans subsided, soon all was silence, and his soul had fled to its eternal home."

"It was a horrible death!"

"Why did you not keep my secret, Marina? Behold the consequences of your betrayal!"

CHAPTER XIII.

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright.—Poe.

Rather let me see
Death, all, than such a being.
Sardanapalus, Act IV., Sc. 1.

ELFSTONE'S beautiful statue, his "Lost Love," had, after a long delay, been brought from France to Ellingford Hall, England, and was taken to the sculptor's studio, where it was unpacked and afterwards raised by the artist and his friends. The latter, especially St. Croix, feared that his trial would, in the frame of mind in which he was at the time, further unsettle his reason and endanger his sanity. Those apprehensions proved to be only too well-founded, for he had gazed long on the statue ere his mind began to wander, and he to address the stone as a living and sentient being.

"Daughter," said he, "your fate is growing sad, like my own. We are both deserted. Instead of the love for which our souls are thirsting, we are compelled to drink the waters of bitterness till our hearts petrify. Where's Bertram, your gay gallant? He is too false and fair and fleeting. Why should the ruthless wanderer triumph in your long pining and heart slavery? I will emulate the Roman father, and, though it break my heart, will release your spirit from its marble prison house."

St. Croix stood aghast, and knowing Elfstone

uncontrollable mood, was utterly at a loss what to do. While he was trying to devise some method by which to divert his friend's mind from the dangerous channel into which it was thrown, a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder, and upon turning his head he beheld Bertram Hapswell, smiling and happy.

"He is going to destroy the statue," said St. Croix.

"I care not; I have found the original."

"See how his eye is kindling with his old madness! What a fatal fire is beginning to burn in his soul! Is it not a shame to witness the destruction of so noble a work of art?"

"Nature excels it; but fear nothing."

While Elftone was looking round the room for some implements, Bertram took his place beside the statue, clasping it about the waist, and affecting to treat it with the tenderness of a beloved human being.

"Is that woman alive?" demanded a lady, thickly veiled, standing near St. Croix.

He smiled at the simplicity of the question, but did not reply, as Elftone was at the moment approaching the statue with an ancient partisan in his hand, and the gasers were held in breathless suspense. Bertram, without apparently heeding the sculptor, said:

"The 'Lost Love' is found, and her lover will shield her with his life."

The solemn earnestness of Bertram's tone, credible as the beating of the heart of sincerity, so wrought upon the destructive artist, that he threw away his weapon in an instant, and rushed into the arms of the speaker.

"I have done you injustice, forgive me!"

"Willingly; but never doubt me again."

"Never!"

Bertram, finding his old friend exhausted by his paroxysm, led him from the apartment, and after soothing him into tranquillity left him in charge of a servant, accustomed to tend and control him in his dangerous moods, and returned to the studio. He found St. Croix gazing at the veiled lady, and the lady with her eyes fixed upon the statue.

"Muta," he said, "you need conceal your face no longer. This is an old friend of your father's, who will be delighted to recognise you."

The young lady submissively lifted her veil, as St. Croix was presented to her. He was startled at the sight of the lovely countenance it revealed to him.

"What a marvellous resemblance," he exclaimed.

"Is it not perfect? Ah, Julien, I have heard you expatiate eloquently upon the recorded wonders of Providence, but never listened to one that transcended in strangeness the story of this little one's rescue from the frightful ogre who held her in captivity. Even you at first mocked the inspiration that impelled me to undertake her recovery, but yet I assure you I was not an hour, not a minute, too soon to save her from a fate infinitely worse than death. Your own eyes afford sufficient evidence to convince you that she is Muta Elftone, our old friend's only daughter, which can doubtless be legally proved, but it appears to me that her father has been too much excited to-day to endure with safety so thrilling a revelation as this will prove to him."

"You are right, Bertram. Is this young lady's mother living?"

"From what I can gather I infer that she died in America about twelve years ago."

"They took her away from me when I was very little," said a sweet and almost childlike voice, "but she often comes to me at night, when everything is very still."

The young man smiled upon the innocent, and exchanged glances.

"Let us cover up this Lost Love," said Bertram, "and adjourn with the Found one to the drawing-room, where you shall hear her story from her own lips."

Muta watched Bertram narrowly as he carefully shrouded the exquisite statue, and started as she saw him kiss its beautiful shoulder, little dreaming that its resemblance to hers provoked the salute.

The three young friends spent the evening together, Muta recounting in her simple way the story of her life, and picturing, as well as she could, the dreary years she had spent in the society of Gregory Grimrip and Espoth, his deaf and dumb housekeeper.

When her tale was told and sufficiently commented upon, St. Croix inquired:

"How old is this Gregory Grimrip?"

"There is no telling," said Bertram; "he is so ugly that his age does not show."

"He must be more than fifty."

"Or than sixty, perhaps; but he appears to be full of life and energy, and had not the burglars taken him by surprise, he would have rendered a fatal account of some of them. As it was, he almost brought his pistol to bear on me, and proved as much as three strong men and two women could manage. The disappearance of his intended bride must perplex him sadly."

"If he lacks youth and beauty, he does not want assurance."

"You might well say so, if you could conceive what a hideous old creature it is. In ascribing to the hand of the heiress of Ellingford, he has evinced an audacity truly Satanic."

"Do you think he would have advanced her claim to the estate?"

"Doubtless; after Elftone's death. He is very rich himself, and possessed of demoniacal cunning as well as effrontery. He was, however, recently preparing to make a voyage to Australia or some other distant land, where he would probably have remained in obscurity till he received the news of Elftone's decease, when he would have returned to England and come boldly forward with Muta as his wife and the heiress of Ellingford. Command me to Master Gregory Grimrip for a deep, daring and unconscionable schemer."

You excite in me a curiosity to behold the monster."

I will show him to you, if you will accompany me to Liverpool next week, where I have to meet him to render the Court due explanation relative to the part I have taken in this business."

"Don't go near him!" besought Muta. "He will pay somebody to kill you."

"Is he in the habit of doing that sort of thing?"

"Don't you remember I told you that, after the young man you tell me was your brother saw me on the stairs, I heard Gregory—he always made me call him so—I heard Gregory promise a thousand dollars to a big, rough fellow, if Mr. Kingsland happened to die within the next fortnight. I could not make out what he meant for a long time, but since I have learned it I have been more afraid of him than ever."

"His experience with Victor is not calculated to encourage him to renew such attempts, even if this were a country affording impunity to assassins and their suborners. I have not the slightest apprehension of personal violence from Mr. Grimrip. He will seek revenge of me by other means, and is, no doubt, already concocting plots against my peace."

Bertram was now sent for by Mordaunt Elftone, and the three friends separated, Muta being delivered into the care of the buxom housekeeper, who nearly fainted at the sight of her.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Barton?" demanded Bertram.

"Oh, Mr. Hapswell! who is this—this young lady?"

"Whom do you think she is?"

"She frightened me so—I thought first she was my misis come to life again, but if her daughter be living, this is she."

"You have guessed aright, Mrs. Barton, but you must keep our secret till to-morrow, for it is not yet ripe for disclosure."

The old lady was now dissolved in tears of joy, and in her transports unable to restrain her impulse to embrace and kiss her young mistress, whom she had nursed when an infant. Muta, whose nature seemed full of affection, returned her caresses with warmth, and wept with her, she knew not why.

Bertram left them together and sought the presence of his afflicted and venerated friend. He found him comparatively calm and apparently sane in every point save Bertram's marriage with his daughter, as he now called his statue, which would, he said, if it took place on the morrow, have a very tranquillizing restorative effect upon his mind. Bertram could not refuse compliance with his friend's wishes, albeit he dreaded the consequences, and resolved to keep the romantic mummery so close that none of Elftone's vigilant relations should ever hear of it. He left his prospective father-in-law in a state of high contentment, and retired himself to dream of Muta and the statue, sometimes fancying that both were alive, and at others that both were marble. At last he thought that both were threatened with destruction by the demented author of their being. As he saw the old man rushing at them with his long rusty partisan, he felt himself turning into stone and unable to stir to the rescue. A terrible blow was descending upon the brow of Muta when his agony awoke him.

He had not been awake but a few seconds ere he heard a heavy fall and crash over his head in Elftone's studio, which caused him to leap from his bed, thrust himself into his dressing-gown and slippers, and run up into the room from which the sounds proceeded. All seemed quiet therein, and the ghostly light of the moon slept tranquilly on the floor. The old sculptor was not in the apartment, and the curtains that shrouded the statue appeared not to have been disturbed. Our hero retired quietly and shut the door softly, and was about to descend the stairs when he paused for a moment and pondered on the strangeness and distinctness of the sounds he had heard, and turned back to make assurance doubly sure. Suddenly and noiselessly he re-entered the studio, and saw, or thought he saw, by the light of the moon which fell upon it, the marble head of the statue thrust out from between the curtains and gazing at him with a frightened and fascinated look. There was no mistaking the beauty of that marble face, and strange thoughts chased one another like lightning through his brain as he stood there spell-bound. An awful sense of the supernatural froze his blood and chilled his heart, and as the apparition gradually withdrew, and the curtains fell, hiding it from view, Bertram sank senseless upon the floor. When consciousness came back to him he found himself lying in his bed, and after some minutes' wonderment concluded that he had had a very vivid, strange and painful dream, and lay awake nearly an hour thinking about it. At last he sank again into a sleep, from which he did not awake till late the next morning.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—A natural curiosity, which completely puzzles naturalists and geologists, is now in possession of Isaac S. Joseph, the wholesale jeweller, on Washington street, San Francisco. It is an irregular hexagonal quartz crystal, about one inch in diameter and two inches in length, pointed at one end, and broken squarely off at the base. Within the body of the crystal, rising from the base like a miniature mountain, and occupying about half the entire length of the stone, is a mass of beautifully crystallized gold, silver and copper, each metal distinctly defined, and all embedded in the stone, which is as clear as glass, in exactly the style of the flowers and other objects in a glass paperweight. This curious specimen of the handiwork of nature, when in an eccentric tone of mind, was found by a miner at Gold Gulch, Calaveras county, some four years ago, and has been carried round in his pocket ever since, until some two months ago, when it was purchased by the superintendent of a copper mine, and sent to the present possessor as a curiosity. Geologists who have examined it declare that nothing of the kind has ever been seen or heard of before, and are utterly at a loss to account for its formation.

A LADY asked a pupil at a national school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?"

"Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child.

She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

POINT BLANK.

You complain that I am narrow,
Going straightly to my aim:
Will you quarrel with the arrow
For the same?

Many a bitter word hast thou:
"Pedant," "bigot." Keep thy blame
While that sword, and nail, and plough
Are the same.

I would cleave my world-path cleanly
With an axe, a razor's edge;
Drive my truth through, not more meanly
Than a wedge.

Far is wide, though force is narrow:
Look straight to thy aim!
Crystal, bud, and flame, and arrow,
Are the same.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Pincushions.

When feminine human nature wants to bestow a gift, and is uncertain as to what its nature should be, it always pitches upon a pincushion. When it is asked suddenly what it will contribute to any benevolent object, it at once says: "A dozen pincushions." When it has nothing to do with its fingers, it makes a pincushion. Millions of these cushions have been bought for the sake of the heathen—for the sake of young ministers about to be dispatched on missions, lately millions more for the soldiers.

The cushions manufactured for their good would, stitched together, make comfortable mattresses for the whole army, and leave some over for pillows. Very nutritious, certainly. But, alas! not original. Persons go to Fairs, gaze about them, remember with a groan the closets full of pincushions at home, and go away without investing. Young men are stuffed, so to speak, with pincushions—mamas, sisters, maiden aunts and young lady friends bestow them in showers. Old gentlemen are in the same condition—the ladies can make them for themselves—and we would respectfully suggest to the managers of the next fancy Fair, that with an eye to fair returns they publish this announcement: "All contributions thankfully received, except pincushions."

Girls' Friendship.

It is all very well, very charming, very touching, very everything superlative for a long, long while, perhaps. Araminta and Angelina are very like "twin cherries." They sit upon one cushion, and work one flower upon one sampler. They buy their bonnets of one milliner, and wear dresses "just alike." Living two or three blocks apart, they keep messengers going to and fro with little scented billets all day long, exchange rings, kisses, etc., etc. All is perfect—there is no flaw in their love until some day, or evening, they discover a cloud upon the horizon in the shape of an admirer. From that moment rain is threatened—pretty soon it storms. That young gentleman waltzes with Araminta, and Angelina pouts. He sings duets with Angelina, and Araminta wonders at it. Next day Araminta sends for "the pattern of the peasant's bodice," and Angelina, "with her compliments," "would like that book returned." Jealousy has entered in. Rival belles never practise samsonetwin needlework, one sampler, one rose, one cushion, etc. At the end of three months the once boasted friendship is a dream, and Miss Angelina has only "a bowing acquaintance with Miss Araminta."

Run-Over.

Pray, can any one tell us what the policemen stand at the corners of Broadway for? There are enough of them, one would think, if they are placed there for the purpose of protecting persons who cross the street and become entangled in the whirlpool of wheels and horses' hoofs, from being run over, to effect their object. Yet, despite their presence, accidents happen every day, and as usual nobody is to blame.

A few weeks since, the young mother of three small children was killed almost under the eyes of one of these military-looking sentinels, who probably considered himself rather ornamental than useful, and as you or I may meet the same fate any day, for all the care that is taken of us, it sets us thinking. If the first policeman who allowed any one run-over on his corner were sent—(well, say to the seat of war), in company with the driver who was looking over his shoulder when he crushed his victim, as drivers generally are, we fancy fewer accidents would occur; and meanwhile, give this piece of advice to ladies, young and old—put no faith in the tall policeman who pretends to protect you across Broadway.

The Children in the Country.

Children at least enjoy the country thoroughly. Papa may find it too far from the grand apartment of cigars and exhilarating beverages—the club, the theatre, &c. Mama may miss her milliner, her shop-excursions down Broadway, and her dearest friend, who knows all the scandal. Miss Rosebella may sigh for society, and wonder how any one can like the country. But the children have no such doubts, no such regrets. They laugh in very glee at every sunrise; there is so much to do in that "lee lang simmer day."

Out in the mould picking "such beautiful flowers"—dandelions and daisies, probably.

Digging with toy spades little gardens, in which flowers, without roots, are planted, making rivers and canals, sailing boats on small pools, enthusiastically called "lakes," climbing trees, discovering such "cunning little mice," or "darling squirrels," laying plots and plans to entrap all the birds, and take them in cages to the city; eating all sorts of berries without being poisoned; chewing sour sorrell; losing themselves, and being found asleep, and not the least frightened; coming in at meal times to eat such piles of bread and butter and fruit, which the good farmer's wife asserts to be "the way of growing young uns," and you, remembering the sickly city appetites of the nursery at home, qualify with "in the country." And doing all with a gusto which sets pa to wondering "How it would do now to buy a place up here," and mama to planning a house with spare bedrooms, and visits from Miss Johnson.

The country, the real genuine country, is the place for children all summer.

Lackadaisical.

What an odd word that is to look at, and how well it expresses its meaning, queer old-fashioned thing! Did you ever see a lackadaisical woman, some one rejoicing in the fact of untold miseries, griefs that cannot be uttered, &c.? She never had any real trouble; solid grief makes people cold and harsh and sad, but not lackadaisical; the lackadaisical girl wants a shaking,

a good shaking by the shoulders, nothing else; she is frequently set up in business on very small stock.

Some young man, for who she never cared, having married some one else after asking her to dance with him twice, is enough. Blighted hopes, broken heart, &c., are the consequences, and until she dies, married or single, the lackadaisical lady glides about with her head on one side, alluding vaguely to the "woes of her youth," and astonishing strangers by floods of tears.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE PARENTOLOGICAL JOURNAL, we perceive, begins a new volume. Fowler & Wells, the publishers, are too well-known and their journal too firmly established to require more than the most passing mention to it. The public has given a verdict in its favor long since.

We have received from Mr. B. W. Hitchcock, 14 Chambers street, "The Illustrated National Handbook," a complete compendium of the political history of the country from the original formation of the Government to the present time, a work of general usefulness that no one can fail to appreciate. It is just such a summary of useful information as every one needs for reference. It seems to be prepared with judgment and accuracy.

"The Army and Navy Handbook," by the same house, is a full and complete guide to the soldier or marine in all matters pertaining to his duties, his obligations and his rights; and just what to do to obtain his rights without the aid of outside assistance, thereby saving much annoyance, time and money. The work also contains everything of interest to the soldier or marine connected with the War and Navy Departments, together with a full and complete historical record of events connected with the war for the Union.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By the Author of "Cud-joe's Cave." Boston: Tilton.

Mr. Trowbridge has won an enviable position among American novelists, and sustains his reputation in this work. The characters are well drawn; but we will not, we trust, be considered captious in expressing the wish that he had given a few more really superior in stamp. The heroine is what heroines must be, perfection, or nearly that, of course; but the rest are too much below her. The mystery attendant on her is well managed, indeed the solution would scarcely occur till nearly the close of the volume.

THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY. Vol. II, No. 1. New York: T. B. Leggett & Co.

We have so recently called attention to this work and its merit that we need not here enlarge. We can only express our satisfaction to see its new volume opening so auspiciously. The number opens with the gallant Gen. McPherson, and closes with Col. Crook, 8th New Hampshire, who not long since fell in battle, thus closing a gallant life.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH IN JAVA.

THE destructive agency of carbonic acid gas on animal life is well exemplified in certain places where, large quantities are evolved from the earth. The most striking instance, however, is the celebrated valley of Java, which, if an animal enters he never leaves. The following interesting account is given by the eye witness:

We took with us two dogs and some fowls to try experiments in this prisoner's hollow. On arriving at the foot of the mountain we dismounted and scrambled up the side about a quarter of a mile, holding on by the branches of the trees. When within a few yards of the valley we experienced a strong nauseous, suffocating smell, but on coming close to the edge this disagreeable odor left us. The valley appeared to be about half a mile in circumference; the depth from 30 to 35 feet, and the whole covered with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and all sorts of birds. We could not perceive any vapor or any opening in the ground, which last appeared to us to be of a hard sandy substance.

It was now proposed by one of the party to enter the valley, but at the spot where we were this was difficult, at least for me, as one false step would have brought us to eternity. Being no assistance of a bamboo, we went down within 18 feet of the bottom. Here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but an offensive, nauseous smell annoyed us. We now fastened a rope to the end of a bamboo, 18 feet long, and sent him in. We had our watches in our hands, and in 14 seconds he fell on his back; he did not move his limbs or look round, but continued to breathe a few minutes. We then sent another, or rather he got loose and walked in to where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still, and in 10 seconds fell on his face, and never afterwards moved his limbs; he continued to breathe seven minutes. We now threw a fowl, which died in a minute and a half. We threw in another, which died before reaching the ground.

During these experiments we experienced a heavy shower of rain, but were so interested by the awful sight before us that we did not care for getting wet. On the opposite side, near a large stone, was the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back, with his right hand under his head. From being exposed to the weather the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to procure this skeleton, but an attempt to get it would have been madness.

HOUSEHOLD KNOWLEDGE.—Windows are kept free from ice by painting the glass with alcohol with a brush or sponge.

Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., are prevented by throwing red pepper-pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot.

A cement, which is a good protection against weather, water and fire to a certain extent, is made by mixing a gallon of water with two gallons of brine, then stir in two and a half pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of common salt. Put it on with a brush like paint.

Put potatoes of equal size into water while boiling; when done, pour off the water, scatter in some salt, cover the pot with a cool cloth, and return it to the fire for five minutes, when they are ready for the table; even watery potatoes are thus made meaty.

Common cut nails are easily driven into hard wood if rubbed with a little soft soap; salvia is better than nothing for that purpose.

The best way to cook a potato is to bake or roast it in an oven; when done, crack the skins open and allow them to dry out for a few minutes before placing them on the table.

To avoid family quarrels, let the quarrelling wretch have it all to himself; reply never a word.

To make cider vinegar, take the water in which dried apples have been soaked and washed, strain it well, and add a pound of sugar.

For French rolls, add two ounces of butter and a little salt to a pint of boiled milk; while tepid, add in one pound of flour, one beaten egg, one tablespoon of yeast; beat these altogether well; when risen, form the rolls with as little handling as possible; bake on time.

OSONIZED WATER is now used for drinking and the toilette. It is advertised in London in the following style: "Its use is attended by a sensation which has been aptly described as 'the perfume of purity.' Being perfectly innocuous and tasteless, a few drops make a most refreshing and invigorating addition to the tumbler of plain drinking or soda water, from which they remove all trace of soluble organic matter—a fact of infinite importance to the voyager or the invalid. When employed for the toilet, bath, &c., it removes from the mouth all impure and foreign tastes and odors, whether arising from natural or artificial causes, such as the practice of smoking, and counteracts the irritation and morbid effects of carious teeth. It purifies and softens the skin, and tends to promote a healthy state of the whole body, by removing all secretions, and restoring a wholesome condition."



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—COAL HARBOR, THE SCENE OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S FLANK MOVEMENT AND OF GRANT'S RECENT OPERATIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

COLD HARBOR.

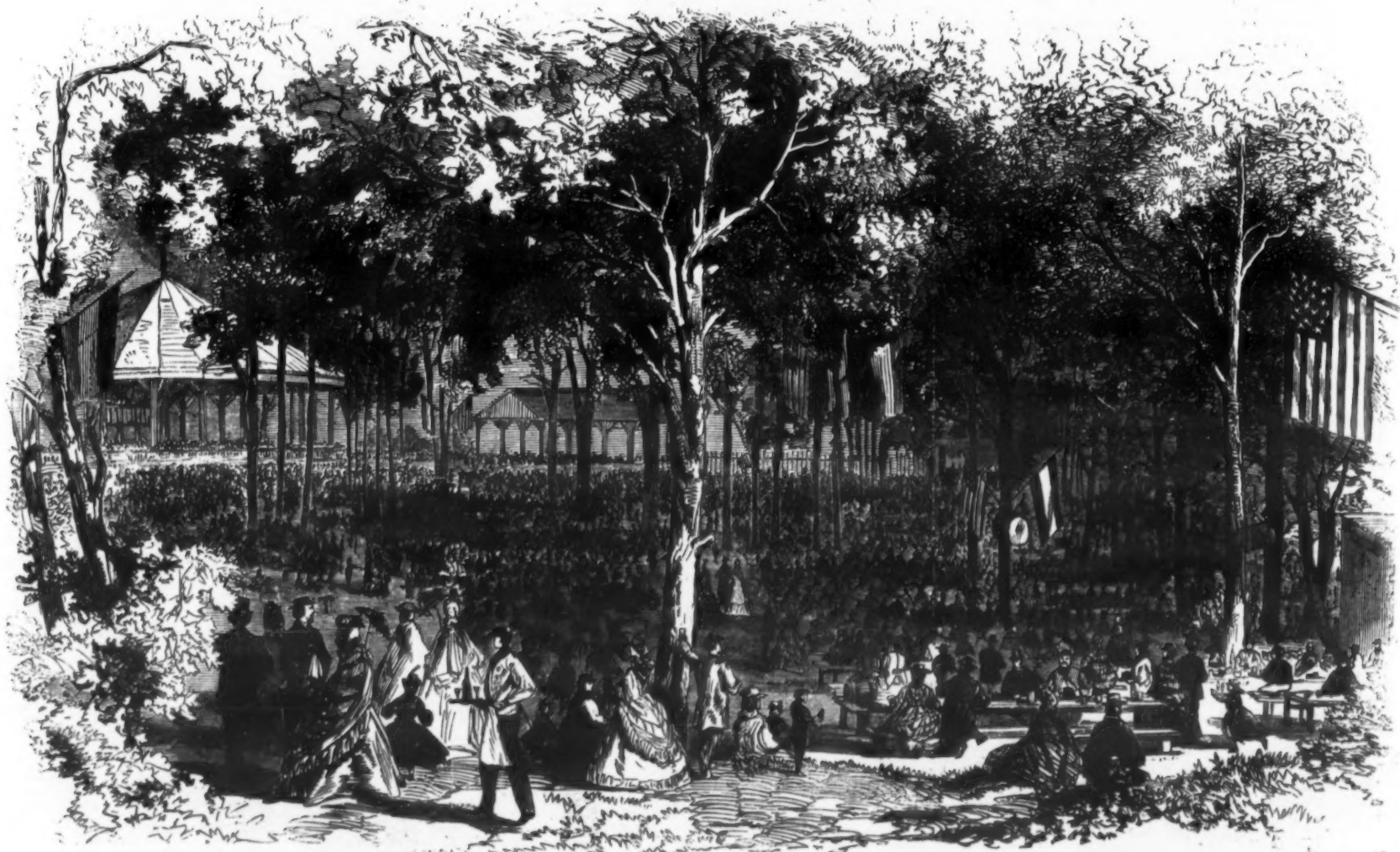
COLD HARBOR, called in many of our papers Coal Harbor, has come into considerable prominence, and will live hereafter in Virginia annals with its countless other battlefields. The name Coal Harbor has been remarked upon as a sad misnomer. It is simply a sad perversion. Its real name is Cold Arbor, and the hamlet derives that name from a neighboring

plantation once owned by Cesar Dabney, who gave it the name An Englishman, or one of our more Northern friends, would have called it Cool Arbor, but it is a curious fact that from Southern lips you seldom hear the word cool. Everything is cold or hot. They go to extremes, and do not halt at intervening stages. What Cold Harbor actually is the graphic sketch of our Artist at the front portrays with characteristic fidelity.

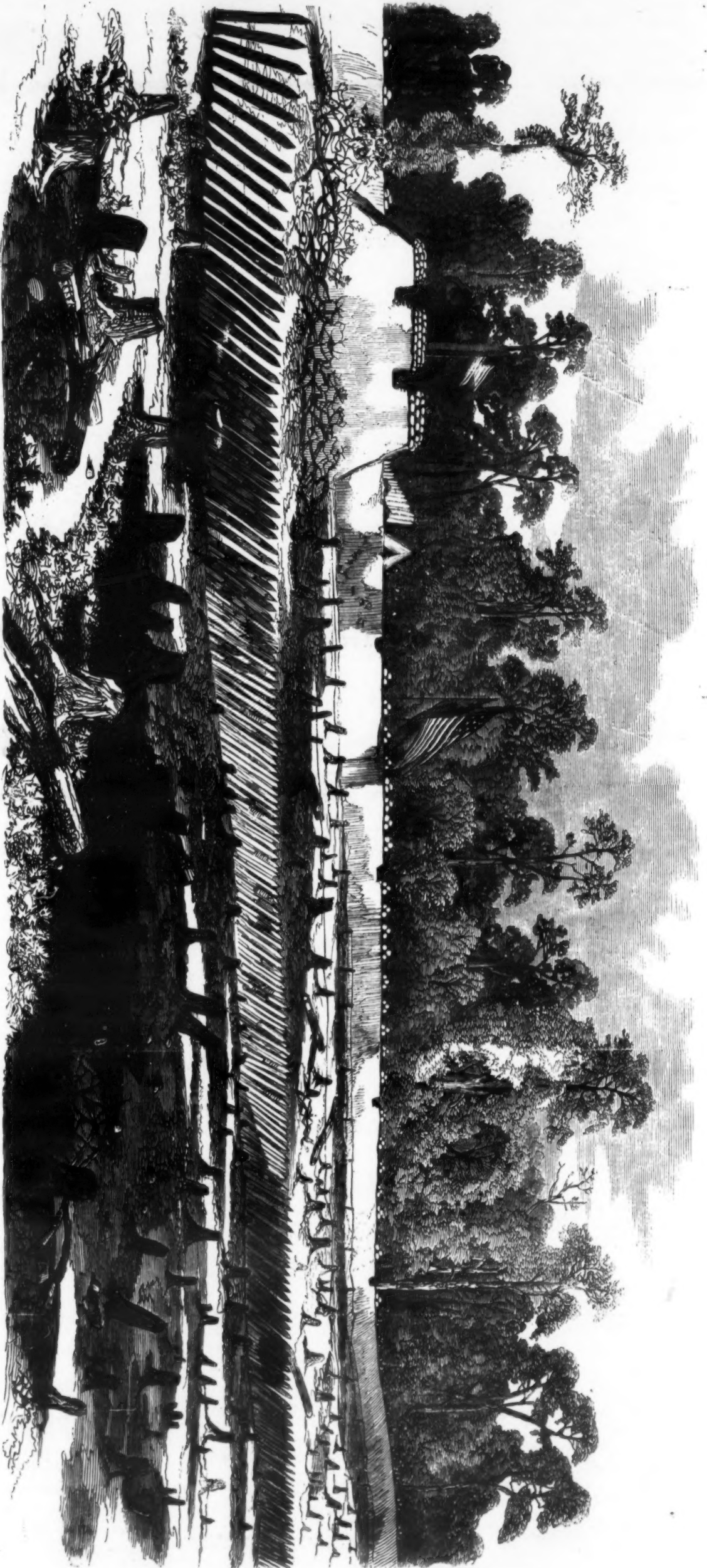
PICNIC AT SCHACH'S PARK, BROOKLYN, For the German Hospital Fund.

Not content with their contributions to the Sanitary Fairs and similar institutions or organizations, our German fellow-citizens have an especial hospital fund, and on the 13th of June a picnic for its benefit came off at Schach's Park, East Brooklyn, which must

have been highly successful. A procession of Turner and of five or six military companies marched to the spot in the morning, and great numbers of men, women and children, in fitting garb arrayed, flocked thither during the day, on charitable deeds intent, enjoying themselves in the usual orderly and reasonable amusements which prevail among them. We hope to give, as early as possible, a definite statement of the amount realized for the benevolent object in view by this monster picnic.



MONSTER PICNIC AT SCHACH'S PARK, EAST BROOKLYN, JUNE 13, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE GERMAN HOSPITAL FUND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—PORTION OF THE LINE OF DEFENCE BETWEEN THE JAMES AND APPOMATOX.—SKETCHED FROM THE PICKET LINE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLIKEN.—SEE PAGE 238.

GRANT'S LINES SOUTH OF THE JAMES.

The sudden transfer of operations by Gen. Grant from the old battle-ground on the Chickahominy, already historic from the bloody campaign of 1862, and laden with the deadly miasma of the Chickahominy swamps, to the point south of James river occupied already by Gen. Butler, gives that comparatively fresh locality additional interest to the public.

We are happy, therefore, to be able to lay before our readers two sketches of the fortification between the James and Appomattox. One view is taken from within, showing the shelter tents within the works, and the men manning the line awaiting an attack of the enemy. The other shows the same line sketched from the picket line, and gives an idea of the works as thrown up by Gen. Gilmore under Gen. Butler, to



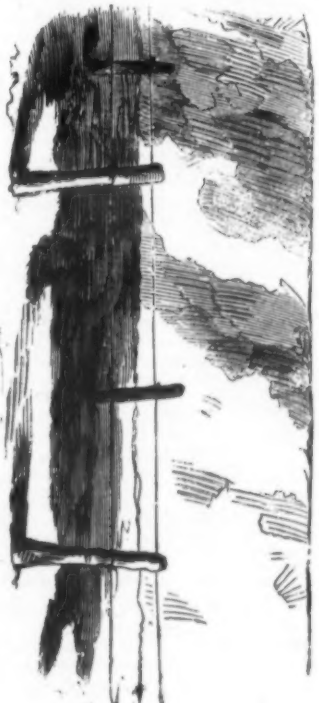
PALISADES PROTECTING KINDERGAARTEN.

defend the position taken at Bermuda Hundred. The means of defence, the lines of wires, the chevaux de frise, as well as the sandbag protection for the men, will all be viewed with interest.

This has now become the base of Grant's operations. There is no longer fear of attack. The fear is reversed. Those who cringed at Smith's departure look blank at his return and the concentration of Grant's whole force.

DISTANCE OF THE SUN.—MR.

Ston, principal assistant at the Green-wich Observatory, has been making a series of calculations on the position of the sun, deduced from observations made at Greenwich on the planet Mars at his recent opposition made in Australia. The result is that the sun is found to be 3,000,000 of miles nearer to the earth than previous calculations have made it.



TELEGRAPH WIRES IN FRONT OF WORKS.

SANDBAG FOR MUSEETRY—GUDON PORTWORE.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

OTHELLO IN THREE COLORS.—When in 1852 "Moise" was produced at the Grand Opera, Paris, the singer who played Aménophis, an Egyptian prince, entered into his character nearly as much as the Othello mentioned by Mr. Dickens, who blacked himself all over. He stained his face, neck and arms of a good Egyptian brownish black, but there his painting arrangements ended, and he depended for his dusky legs on the "maillot" maker of the theatre. At the very last moment, however, the prince's legs had not arrived. "Quel fâché!" There was nothing to do but don a pair of those flesh-colored tight garments usually worn by pages on the stage. The want of local color, however, was soon discovered, and not approved of, and after the first exit Aménophis was forced to scrub himself to a lighter hue, more in harmony with his legs. This carried him pretty well through the second act, in which he sang well, was applauded, and got excited. As he rushed off at the end of Act II. he saw the tardy tailor with his black breeches, and forgetting of the change he had made above, at once put them on, and appeared—changing to the eye like a dusky chamberlain—in the third act a Georgian to the hips, and a nigger below. It was too much for the audience, and seriously endangered the success of "Moise."

CHARLOTTE, MY DARLING.

Charlotte, my darling! the dinner is waiting.
The voice of the waiter is heard on the stair;
The guests on their bosoms their napkins are pinning—
Charlotte, my darling! why linger there?
O, hast thou forgotten how early was breakfast?
Or hast thou forgotten how late shall be tea?
We may be too late and shall not get any,
Charlotte, my darling! have pity on me!

Charlotte, my darling! come down from your toilet,
The fair capons gleam in the jelly's mild light;
O, where is the spell that once lay in plum-pudding?
Come down as you are, or I shan't get a bite.
Charlotte, my darling! my faint voice is calling;
Ere long will be vanished both pudding and tart;
I shall be too late, and they won't leave me any;
O, why dost thou loiter when they must depart?
I know I'm too late, and they won't give me any,
O, why didst thou loiter, thou loved of my heart?

A CITIZEN of New Hartford tells that the first time he attended church he, a little four year old, was seated in a pew. Upon his coming home he was asked what he did in church, when he replied:

"I went into a cupboard and took a seat on the shelf."

PAINTER'S MISTAKE.—During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that Gen. Pillow and 37 of his men had been lost in a battle (battle). Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man in a brown suit was yesterday brought before the court on a charge of having stolen a small ox (box) from a lady's workbag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket. A rat (raft), says another paper, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat, and so serious was the injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it. An English paper once stated that the Russian Gen. Beckinokovsky was found dead with a long word (sword) in his mouth. It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy were repulsed with great laughter (laughter). Again: A gentleman was recently brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) a stage-driver for demanding more than his fare.

A FORTAL genius was hauled up before one of the police magistrates for kissing a handsome young girl and kicking up a dust, and the following examination took place:

Magistrate: "Is your name John Ray?"
Prisoner: "Yes, your honor, so the people say."
Magistrate: "Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm?"
Prisoner: "Yes, your honor; but I thought it was no harm."
Magistrate: "You rascal, did you come here to make rhymes?"
Prisoner: "No, your honor; but it will happen sometimes."
Magistrate: "Be off, you scamp—get out of my sight!"
Prisoner: "Thank ee, your honor, then I'll bid you good-night."

OBEYING THE PRIEST.—An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop, took from his pocket a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter, exclaimed:

"There, doctor, sniff that, will you?"
The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquor to be genuine whiskey.
"Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman; "Hand it to me again if you please."
The doctor again did as he was directed, and asked what he meant.
"Och, thin," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health and the priest's health."

A COUNTRY school-teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination day. The day arrived and so did the hopefuls all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked:

"In whom do you believe?"
"In Napoleon Bonaparte!" was the answer quickly returned.
"You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?"
"No," said the youngster, amid the roars of laughter, "the boy that believes in that church hasn't come to school to-day, he's at home sick abed."

THE other evening a gentleman's bution caught hold of the fringe of a lady's shawl.
"I am attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose.
"The attachment is mutual," was the good humored reply.

A NOISY SET.—An old lady reading an account of the death of a venerable and distinguished lawyer, who was stated to be the "father of the Philadelphia Bar," exclaimed:

"Poor man! he had a dreadful noisy set of children!"

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